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LETTERS



12



50



30



80



88



ALL-NEW
PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
PAGE 113

CONTENTS

- 2 || **SALUTATIONS**
- 4 || **THREE-FOR-ALL**
Two's company, but three's a party
- 12 || **PICTORIAL:
MARICA & AARON**
- 22 || **GIRL MEETS GIRL**
Why fly straight when you can swing
with gay abandon?
- 30 || **PICTORIAL:
LAYLA & SKIN**
- 38 || **LETTER OF THE MONTH**
An aquatic encounter brings a tidal
wave of pleasure
- 44 || **TRUE CONFESSIONS**
A parched cougar sips from the
fountain of youth
- 50 || **PICTORIAL:
MADISON, NIKKI & PIKE**
- 58 || **EROTICA**
The Swing of Love By Jewel Gomez
- 64 || **SOMEONE'S WATCHING**
Keeping an eye on the action
- 72 || **TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE**
Giving the gift of wife-yours!
- 80 || **PICTORIAL:
KENDRA SUNDERLAND**
- 88 || **CARNALCOPIA**
A piquant potpourri with a little bit
of everything
- 96 || **PICTORIAL:
JENNIFER & RYAN**
- 106 || **TOP 10 CAMPUS
ENCOUNTERS**

↘ SALUTATIONS



Summer might be coming to a close, but it's plenty hot in here! This edition of *Penthouse Letters* is packed with tales of cock-hungry cougars on the prowl, wanton wives who want a piece of the action, and plenty of men and woman enjoying some lusty loving. Start your reading with the wild trios in Three-For-All, followed by the carnal couplings in Girl Meets Girl. Then get wet and wild with the Letter of the Month, in which a daring pair explores exhibitionistic aqua sex. Join a horny older woman as she embarks on a naughty quest in True Confessions, and discover two couples who find their perfect match in Jewel Gomez's sultry yet sweet "The Swing of Love."

And if you're in any danger of cooling down, turn to page 113 for some extra heat. There you'll find *Penthouse Variations'* sexy treats. Spanking sluts, submissive boy toys, and bold trannies will show you a kinky good time. —*The Editors*

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LETTERS

THREE-FOR-ALL

AIM HIGH

I was eyeing the big, burly guy with the man bun and the lumberjack beard. I hadn't had a date that had gone anywhere in a while. Every single guy I'd gone out with just hadn't done it for me. I was woefully low on post-sex good vibes.

So, why not a one-night stand? No date, no awkward chitchat, no comparing lives and taking notes and endless hopes that he would like me or I would like him. Just sex.

I walked up, slung my purse on the bar and ordered a tequila. "Hi," I said.

He glanced at me and smiled. Big blue eyes below thick dark eyebrows. Yum.

"Hi."

On the spot, I decided to make up a name. What the hell, right?

"I'm Candy," I stuck my hand out, feeling my heart beat faster with the rush of my boldness.

"Matt. And this is Jake."

The guy sitting next to him craned around the mountain that was Matt and extended his hand. I shook it. He wasn't too shabby either. Almost as big as Matt but with a blond crew cut and dark eyes. He had a tattoo of a key on his forearm and a small thunderbird inked on the thumb of his right hand.

"Here alone?" Matt asked, giving me a once-over with that bright gaze of his.

"I am. I am here alone for a drink or three. And maybe..." I trailed off for a moment before finding my nerve and finishing my sentence, "... meet someone to spend the evening with. Just the evening."

His eyes widened, and he grinned. He seemed to be considering something. When he turned to talk to Jake, my heart fell a little. I'd lost his interest, obviously.

But then he waved a finger at the bartender and pointed to all three of us. A new tequila replaced my dead soldier.

"Thanks," I said, taking a swig.

He nodded. "No problem. And I might be able to help you with that quest for a person to spend the evening with. But it would be two people."

My eyebrow shot up of its own accord, and I blinked at him. "Two people?"

"As in me and Jake like to share. We like to have our way with a woman. A tag team, if you will."

I'd never considered that, and I found I liked

the idea. Liked it a lot. "So you two are—"

"Just friends, but we like to keep things interesting."

I nodded. "Something to think about." I downed the rest of my tequila and set the glass on the table.

"That's two," he said.

"Two?"

"You said a drink or three. How about that third?"

I smiled, and he smiled back, then Jake leaned over and smiled at me, too. This had been an unexpected turn of events.

I accepted my third and final tequila from the bartender and played with a cocktail straw in lieu of a cigarette, which I really wanted.

"I'll be back," I said, finally.

"You leaving us, Candy?"

"THE PRESSURE AND PLEASURE INSIDE ME BUILT STEADILY, LEAVING ME GASPING."

I shook my head and trailed a hand down his broad bicep. "Nope. Just grabbing a smoke."

"We'll be here when you get back," Jake said, then he reached out to touch my hip. A small touch, no big deal, but it set fireworks off in my belly.

I walked out into the night and took a big breath of cool air. I lit a cigarette and exhaled the smoke slowly, considering my options.

Was I really going to do this? But before the question even fully formed in my mind, I was nodding to myself. I was. The thought of being a push-and-pull toy for those two men had done amazing things in the way of my arousal. I wanted them, and I figured going for it was the only way to go.

I crushed out the cigarette in the sand-filled ashtray and went back in. I leaned in between

them where they were perched at the bar.

"Drink up, boys, before I have a change of heart. My apartment is about ten minutes away, and I'm ready to go."

Jake laid a few bills on the bar, Matt saluted the bartender, and then they turned almost simultaneously to trail after me.

"Follow my car," I instructed. My hands were shaking slightly when I hit the key fob to unlock my door.

Together, they got in a big green SUV and waited until I pulled out. I drove home on autopilot, my mind racing at the possibilities. I'd wanted a one-night stand, and I was going to get one. Only with two men at the same time. I'd say that's a successful night.

At my place, I waved to my neighbor who gave a double take when the guys climbed out of their car. But she didn't say a word. For all she knew they were friends, brothers, cousins or whatever else she wanted to come up with. Didn't matter to me.

I climbed the steps, supremely aware of two sets of eyes watching my ass. Funny how you can feel something like that, but I swear you can.

I locked the door behind them and stood, hands on hips, trying to appear totally cool and not mind-boggled like I felt.

"So, here or the bedroom or...?" Matt was already helping me out of my jacket, and I let him, liking the feel of his big hands on my body.

He draped my jacket over the armchair by the front door and regarded me, mimicking my body language by settling his hands on his hips. Standing close to me, I could see that he was even taller than I'd thought. Jake was only an inch or so shorter, and having two large men waiting for my input in my tiny living space seemed to suck all the air out of the room.

"Maybe we just get her undressed, while she decides how she wants to go," Jake said playfully.

He pulled my black sweater up slowly, exposing my belly and my pink lace bra, before pulling it over my head. My hair settled in a curtain against my bare shoulders.

"I think that's a good idea," Matt answered. They were teasing me, but in the best possible way. He winked at me, and then reached out to undo the front clasp of my bra. The garment fell away to the sides, and I let it drop and hit the hardwood floor with a whisper.

Jake chuckled and looked at his friend.

"Don't mind if I do," he said. "Thanks."

I was confused until he moved close, wrapped one arm around my waist, and bent to suck my nipple into his mouth. He nipped it hard enough to make me gasp, and a rush of fluid escaped my pussy. He soothed the nipped flesh with a gentle lick. He repeated that until I was pressing my body hard against his, shameless and ready.

"No hogging," Matt said. "Take care of the leggings," he instructed. He repeated his friend's actions but on the other nipple, and I found it hard to stand still. I was wriggling restlessly as Jake moved behind me, squatted down and peeled off my black leggings. When he revealed my polka-dotted panties, he groaned and pushed his face to my ass. Then he scraped his teeth along the cotton that cloaked my bottom.

Jake tugged my panties down, pushing two fingers into my slick cunt from behind as Matt continued to lick and bite and soothe my nipples.

I raised one foot at a time to accommodate my flats being removed and my leggings and panties too. Then I was bare-ass naked between two big men and wetter than I could ever remember being in my life.

I stood there, debating upstairs or downstairs. That is, until Matt dropped to his knees in front of me and repositioned my legs so my stance was wider. He pressed his lips to my inner thigh and then slowly licked a long, hot line from there to my pussy. He traced my outer lips with his tongue, working all around my clit but never touching it. I hissed when I felt Jake's mouth go to work in much the same way but on my behind. He clutched my ass and his tongue circled my back hole before trailing across each cheek. Jake then dropped soft kisses down the backs of my thighs all the way down to my knees. I nearly swooned, fearing I might land on my ass. But I braced myself and tried to focus, which was hard considering there were two tongues sliding along my body at once.

Matt honed in on my clit, sucking it repeatedly but keeping me off balance by alternating the intensity. Strong, light, back to strong. I plunged my hands into his hair and pushed my body forward greedily, grinding my cunt against his face.

From behind, Jake slid his fingers inside my pussy, pumping them with a steady rhythm as Matt worked my clit. Every so often Jake would



LETTERS

↘ THREE-FOR-ALL

bite my ass. The pressure and pleasure inside me built steadily, leaving me gasping for air. I didn't know whether to move forward or move backward. It overwhelmed me, the sensation of a tongue licking my ass and one licking my clit and fingers buried inside me so deeply I knew I'd come at any moment.

When Matt changed his pace to quick, firm flicks of his tongue and Jake was fucking me with his fingers for all he was worth, I gave up, let my head fall back, and came. I gripped Matt's hair so tightly I feared I'd hurt him, but he didn't make a sound or let up on his duties.

After my climax, Matt stood, pulled me to him and kissed me roughly. My fingers fumbled for his clothes, but he pushed my hands away and undressed himself while staring me right in the eye. All the while I felt Jake behind me, no longer on his knees, his hands sliding along my skin, touching every spot he could reach.

Jake pulled me back against his chest, arms locked over my mine, and began to stroke my already tender clit. For such big hands he had a gentle touch, and I shut my eyes for a second before popping them open because I wanted to see the mountainous figure of Matt naked.

Jake dipped his fingers lower and drove them into me again, his palm grinding hard

against my clit as he did it. I moved my hips, bucking against his hand and taking his fingers as deep as I could. When Matt moved forward to tease my nipples with pinches and tugs, I came again, gasping for air. I didn't even know if I'd make it to the fucking.

But I did. Because they moved me to the sofa, four strong, warm hands on my body. I was positioned on my hands and knees. I could feel how wet and swollen my pussy was, and I wondered what I looked like from their vantage point. It sent a shiver through me to think of them eyeing me in this ridiculously turned-on state.

Matt moved into position behind me. Obviously, he'd chosen the pussy route. I observed as Jake remove his clothes, revealing a toned, tan body. His cock already long and hard, he stood there watching me watch him. He stroked his cock briefly and then moved to kneel in front of me on the sofa. I lowered my head and slid my lips down his shaft as Matt ran his hard cock along my drenched opening. He pushed into me just a little, and I forced my mouth lower on Jake's cock.

And there they were, fucking the girl I'd chosen to be for the night. Candy, such a brazen fuck-slut.

I shut my eyes and licked the thick vein that

ran up the back of Jake's cock. He put his hands on my head and thrust a bit deeper, using my mouth to his liking. I sucked in air through my nose, and Matt chose that moment to ram into me. His cock was long, but thinner than Jake's, and he filled my pussy perfectly. He rocked into me, every movement pushing me forward so that Jake's cock filled my throat.

Matt reached beneath me and tickled my clitoris with his fingertips. He spread my own moisture around my throbbing button and fucked me hard but steady.

I moaned, caught between the push and pull of them. The fingers sliding over my hard knot of flesh swirled pleasure up through me like light radiating inside my body. I bucked back and then slid forward, not sure which direction to go. All I could focus on was the feel of Jake's thick shaft in my mouth and Matt's cock bumping my G-spot with every hard-driving motion.

I was holding on, trying so hard not to climax. The hands cradling my head held me a bit tighter as Jake thrust harder into my mouth and throat. He was picking up the tempo, finding the pace he needed to come; I was not just content but utterly turned on to be his receptacle. I relaxed my throat and let him take me the way he needed. I drove my body back to take Matt deeper, and he groaned. His finger pushed into my ass, and when my body took it willingly, he added a second. He'd abandoned my clit, so I braced myself with one arm and reached beneath my body with the other. I pinched my clit, provoking a pleasure and a pain that threatened to put me over the edge.

I didn't want to come yet. I wanted to ride this experience to its grand finale, so I focused on not letting that beautiful moment happen. It was the hardest thing I think I've ever done.

I was completely filled up. A cock driving in and out of my wet mouth, my tongue brushing the silken flesh as it fucked me, while another dick plunged in and out of my swollen pussy. My ass accepted Matt's thrusting fingers, and I felt the friction of his fingers in my back hole as his cock rapidly pistoned in and out of my cunt.

I let out a cry around Jake's dick. I was going to come. There was no more holding on. I heard Matt swear behind me even as Jake groaned. I whorled my shaky finger over my clitoris and let go, the orgasm hitting my body hard. I was blissfully caught between two men



who were using me for their pleasure.

Jake lost it first, pulling free of my mouth a second too late. The sweet-salty taste of his cream filled my throat. He fisted his cock as he came, semen erupting from the tip, so I could watch his release. Matt pulled out of me, muttering “fuck,” and I felt the warm jets of his load splash my ass cheeks. I hung my head, breathing hard and still feeling the small aftershocks of my own orgasm. And then I was laughing.

“Was your evening a success?” Jake asked, brushing my hair out of my face.

I looked up and then sat back on my haunches, sticky and naked. “I’d say so.”

Matt was searching for his jeans, but he paused to smile at me. “We aim to please.”

“And your aim is very, very good,” I sighed.

—A.M., Seattle, Washington



■ SOUL KISS

The party was big and packed full, so I stuck close to Josie. She was having the time of her life, drinking some hot-pink cocktail with an umbrella in it. Her neck was cloaked in glowing necklaces, and her laugh, as she consumed her neon beverages, grew louder and louder. Of course, every guy in the place had eyes for her. Draped in a wispy white sundress, she was a tall, tan slice of heaven.

“That guy’s cute,” she shouted in my ear. At the noisy party, shouting might as well have been a whisper.

My gaze followed her pointing finger, and I saw him in the glow of colorful Chinese lanterns. He was tall, broad, dark-haired, and drinking a beer in that self-assured way that hot guys have: a loose two-fingered grip around the neck of the bottle.

“Yep. He’s cute, and he’s cute, and he’s cute,” I yelled, pointing out some other too-good-looking-to-be-true men.

“But he’s the cutest,” she said, gesturing at the first again.

He caught her pointing and grinned. His smile changed his face. He went from handsome to break-your-heart gorgeous.

“See. Yum.”

“Yum,” I echoed.

He started to make his way toward us, and I sipped my drink. Not a hot-pink confection, I was drinking good, old red wine.

“I DROPPED TO MY KNEES AND SUCKED HIS LENGTH INTO MY MOUTH.”

“Follow my lead,” she said in my ear as he came closer through the crowd.

“What lead?” I had to shout above the thumping bass.

“You’ll see. Just go with it. Don’t overthink it. Trust me. Adventure is good for the soul!”

I wondered what the hell she was talking about, but given how mischievous Josie is, I knew it would be something to remember. I polished off my wine and decided to do just that. Go with it. Follow her lead. Adventure was good for the soul, and it was usually Josie who dragged me toward adventure—sometimes willingly, sometimes kicking and screaming.

Tonight it would be willingly.

“Hi there,” he said, almost shouting but not quite because his deep voice carried. “That’s a

great opening line, isn’t it?” He laughed. “Very inventive.”

“Oh, that’s okay,” Josie said patting a spot on the bench. We each had to scoot over a bit for him to get his bulky body between us.

He smelled good and looked even better up close. His dark hair had a curl at the nape. The kind of thing I always wanted to touch when I spotted it. I always wondered if it would feel as soft as it looked.

“Having fun?” Josie asked, and he glanced at her and then me.

“I am. Bit of a crowd. I’m more of a small-party kind of guy.”

That lit Josie right up. She leaned in so that I could hear and he could get a good look down the bodice of her dress. I knew for a fact that beneath that gauzy material she was braless. If you looked at her just right you could see the dark ring of her nipples beneath the white cotton.

“We could party. The three of us. A small intimate gathering,” she said.

I blinked. I saw where this was going and felt an unexpected rush of excitement.

He glanced back and forth between us again and ran a hand through that hair. I couldn’t resist anymore. I put my fingers to the nape of his neck, fingering his dark locks. In for a penny, in for a pound. It was soft.

“Is that right? And where could we do this?”

“Pool house,” she chirped, just as I knew she would. It was the only place that seemed somewhat uninhabited, seeing as everyone was clustered around the music and the pool

LETTERS

↘ THREE-FOR-ALL



and the bar like moths flocking to a porch light.

He stood, and I briefly wondered if my nape-fondling had scared him off. Instead, he tossed his bottle into a nearby recycling bin and held out a hand to each of us. I went from excited to beyond aroused. Just taking his large, warm hand in mine I felt a rush of moisture between my thighs.

The three of us walked, holding hands, through the bouncing, dancing crowd to the small pool house.

Miraculously, it was empty. Josie bolted the door behind her and snapped on the light, before turning to both of us and grinning. "No time like the present," she said, pulling the shoulder straps of her dress down her arms. She shrugged out of it and stood there in nothing but a pale blue pair of panties.

I took a breath and followed suit. I pulled my short lavender dress over my head, unhooked my bra and dropped it at his feet. I stood there in my own pair of green-striped panties.

He chuckled. "This night is looking up, I have to say." I barely registered him pulling off his tee and shorts. I was focused on seeing the rest of that body. He went one step further than us and pulled off his boxer briefs. His cock stood out swollen and flushed.

I'm not normally the bold one, but this time I was. I closed the gap between us and took his cock in my hand. I stroked him with my fist and accepted the kiss he bent to give me. His tongue was aggressive and warm and tasted like hops.

He made a gruff noise and toyed with my

nipples with his fingertips. I could feel Josie moving closer, watching us.

I dropped to my knees and sucked his length into my mouth. I pushed my hand into my panties, stroking my wetness over my clit. I gave a shivery sigh and dragged my open lips down one side of his cock before sucking his cockhead hard and then sliding down the other side. I pushed two fingers into my pussy and pressed my palm to my swollen clit. Josie was stroking his chest, leaning over to tongue his tiny nipples.

When I stood, Josie took her turn, kneeling to take him into her mouth. Her little pink tongue licked and swooped along his shaft. He put one hand on her head and beckoned me closer. His hand replaced mine in my panties, and his fingers drove into my cunt. His head tipped back, and he went with the moment.

When Josie stood, she looked at him. "Dealer's choice. Who do you want to fuck and who do you want to eat?"

He laid a towel down on the ground and got on his back as we stripped out of our panties. "You with the pretty dark eyes, climb aboard. You," he said to Josie. "Kneel over my face." Then he shook his head and smiled. "This is so much better than going deaf in the middle of a drunken crowd."

I laughed because it was true.

I straddled him and put his cock to my soaking-wet slit. I lowered myself slowly, watching as Josie positioned herself over his face. He'd put his forearms beneath his head

to raise himself and went to town, his tongue a flurry of movement on her pussy. She winked at me, and I almost laughed, but I was too busy trying not to come. The pleasure had swept over me fast and furious the moment he was inside me, and the visual of him eating her pussy wasn't helping me hold on.

She pinched her nipples and rocked her hips, directing his lapping tongue to the places she wanted it most. He had talent, that's for sure, because even as his trim hips thrust up, he was jamming his fingers inside her cunt.

I watched him drag his digits in and out; every time they appeared they were wetter. She gasped, pinching her nipples hard now, and looked at me as I rose and fell on his hard dick. "I'm going to come soon," she whispered.

We could actually whisper in the pool house and be heard. He grunted upon hearing her words, and his hips shot up faster beneath me. I planted my hands on either side of his waist and rode him like my life depended on it. Every time he drove up, the tip of his cock kissed the most desperate places inside me, and my pleasure started to expand and glow like a star.

"Me, too—me, too..." I said, not caring that my voice was light and flighty.

I rolled my hips forward, forcing him deeper, and he groaned. The vibration must have added to what he was doing with his mouth and his tongue because Josie tilted her head back, thrust her cunt against his mouth and came. She let out all the noise she'd held inside her, competing with the volume of the party.

I moved faster, grinding my body against his erection, so that every time I pushed down his pelvic bone hit my clit. I rocked my hips again, and he put his hands on them, holding me exactly where he wanted me. He drove up hard and fast, and I lost it then, coming with my own vicious cry. I held on for dear life as the spasms wracked my body and the pleasure made white fairy lights burst across my field of vision.

He was right behind me, holding me with rough hands, and growling out his orgasm against the background of techno music.

Josie leaned across his body and kissed me right on the lips. "Told you. Adventure is good for the soul."

"I'll never doubt you again," I said and kissed her back.

—P.V., Austin, Texas

"I WATCHED AVIDLY AS MY WIFE UNDRESSED OUR VISITOR."

■ THE NEW GIRL

Your wife is fucking gorgeous." That perked me up. I was always getting told how pretty Sarah was, but the word choice and the awe in Delilah's voice made me pay attention. She was new to my office, and I'd invited her to the party because she'd just moved to town and didn't know a soul aside from her coworkers.

She was small and dark-haired with big anime-like blue eyes, the complete antithesis of my wife, who was tall with long brown hair and feline green eyes. I tried to picture them both naked together and decided I liked the image rather well.

"I certainly think so," I said, flipping burgers. She'd stuck close to me through the barbeque, which I'd anticipated. Me and two other people from the office were the only folks she knew.

"You lucked out," she said, grinning at me.

I handed her a plate of burgers and asked if she'd put them on the picnic table. When she wandered off, I waved Sarah over. "What do you think of her?"

"The new shy girl from work?" She sipped from a sweating glass of Moscato. "I think she is adorable. Why do you ask?"

"I think she has the hots for you. Or at least a girl crush."

"Do tell."

"She said you're fucking gorgeous."

Sarah laughed her throaty laugh and tugged the sleeve of my Hawaiian shirt. "And you've already turned this into a threesome in

your head." It wasn't a question.

"Hey, I know an opportunity when I see one."

"And you see one?"

"Absolutely." I put a pack of hot dogs on the smoking grill and listened to them hiss.

"Then ask her to stay afterward. I'm game if you are. She's a cutie. Nice tight ass, little teacup tits."

"I love a woman with good taste," I growled and kissed her hard.

It wasn't difficult to get Delilah to stay because she didn't seem to want to leave anyway. "Thanks a lot for inviting me," she said to Sarah as they cleared paper plates and dumped them in the trash.

"We're glad you could come," my wife murmured. We'd been married long enough for me to know that when she uttered the word "come" she smiled.

"I don't know many people yet. It was fun, just being at a party, so I appreciate it." Delilah stooped to pick up a stray plastic cup, and I admired the flex of her thigh muscles as she moved. She was small but athletic, something I knew Sarah appreciated, too.

"Why don't you come in for a drink?" Sarah put her hand on Delilah's arm, and I saw the girl perk up. It never fails to amuse and amaze me, watching my wife work her magic. She had at least ten years on Delilah, and that seemed to make her even more appealing.

Inside, I poured some wine and we all clinked glasses. "To real glasses and new friends," I said.

My wife laughed and leaned her shoulder against Delilah. I watched the girl react to the intimate contact. My cock grew hard; I had a

feeling this was going to go off without a hitch.

Delilah stared at Sarah and said, "I'm so sorry to say this—I probably shouldn't—but you are stunning."

"I told her what you said earlier," I offered.

Delilah blushed. It started in her cheeks and spread like wildfire down her neck to her chest. "Oh."

"And I'm flattered," Sarah said. She traced one of Delilah's fingers with her own. "We were wondering if you'd like to have a little fun before you go home for the night."

Delilah opened her mouth and then shut it. Her bright eyes got even brighter, and finally she settled for a nod.

"Great. Let's take this party to the bedroom," Sarah said. "And just to confirm, you can be with both of us or just me. It's up to you."

"I...like women," Sarah said. "But I wouldn't mind being touched," she said, looking directly at me.

"Got it," I said. "The parameters are yours to set."

In our bedroom, I watched avidly as my wife undressed our visitor. She took time and care to slowly remove Delilah's dress and then her panties and bra. She admired bits of skin, stroked others, and leaned in to suck one of Delilah's dark, round nipples into her mouth. The end result was by the time Sarah was done, Delilah was practically vibrating.

Sarah dragged her hand down Delilah's belly and reached between her legs. My wife stroked her pussy, and Delilah pushed her hips forward, her eyes drifting shut. Sarah smiled at me and pushed her fingers in Delilah's cunt. I could hear how wet she was because every



LETTERS

↘ THREE-FOR-ALL



thrust and withdraw was audible.

I took my clothes off while watching my wife. I stood, stroking my cock, as Sarah got the girl within seconds of an orgasm and stopped. Delilah sucked in a deep breath and opened her eyes. She watched as eagerly as I did as Sarah took off her short periwinkle shorts and her white tee. She undid her bra and pulled it off before pushing her panties down and kicking them to the side. Her gaze found me, and she licked her lips. "Why don't you join us?"

I moved toward them, giving Sarah a deep kiss and tweaking her nipple the way that always got her worked up. I slipped a finger into her pussy, finding her wet and ready.

She broke the kiss while I continued to finger her and turned her head to kiss Delilah. The girl sighed. "Lie down," Sarah commanded, and Delilah moved as if in a daze. Her cheeks were flushed again, and I could see the blush spread all the way down to the tops of her small breasts.

She arranged herself on the bed and Sarah climbed on, settling between Delilah's thighs. I was stroking myself again, watching as my wife spread Delilah's labia wide and examined her pussy. She blew gently across the rigid pink clit before touching her tongue to it. Delilah's hips bucked, and she groaned. Sarah chuckled and went back to licking, swirling her tongue to taste the sweetness of the girl's moisture. Sarah pushed her fingers into Delilah's cunt again, three this time, and thrust deep, fucking her with swift, sure movements.

"SHE BLEW GENTLY ACROSS THE RIGID PINK CLIT BEFORE TOUCHING HER TONGUE TO IT."

She looked at me, and I knew my cue.

I climbed on the bed and pushed two pillows beneath Sarah's pelvis to lift her ass. I teased her as she ate Delilah, her fingers still driving in and out of our new friend. I ran my cock from my wife's clit past her wet hole and then back again. She writhed beneath me wanting me to fuck her already. Her desperation made me smile.

I breached her slowly, holding her hips and watching her head bob between pretty Delilah's thighs. The girl had her eyes shut again, but she sensed me observing and then opened them. She smiled, and I smiled right back. It was nice to have guests.

I worked a moistened finger into Sarah's ass and began a leisurely in-and-out motion. I fucked her slow and steady, so that she didn't

come too fast. Her mouth worked Delilah's pussy, running along the outer folds, circling her clit but never touching it, until the girl put her hands in Sarah's hair and made a whimpering sound that could only mean one thing: Please.

Sarah lashed her tongue across Delilah's clit, her fingers driving in and out, in and out, as Delilah got closer and closer. Her hips danced, her fingers twined in Sarah's hair.

I added a second finger to Sarah's asshole, and she moaned against Delilah's pussy. Delilah gasped at the vibration and reached up to pinch her own nipples, working them between her fingertips. It was a hell of a chain reaction.

I reached over and stroked Delilah's thigh with my free hand, while still working the fingers of the other in Sarah's ass in the way that always got her off. She moved back to take me while sucking hard on Delilah's clit. The girl chanted, "I'm going to come, I'm going to come..." She said it over and over, and Sarah shushed her. "Not yet. Hold on. Let's go for the big bang all together." Sarah dotted kisses on Delilah's inner thighs as she talked.

That sight did me in more than the pussy-eating. That tender gesture. I found my rhythm speeding up.

"I think I'm with her," I managed to growl.

Sarah pushed her body back to take me deeper. I altered the angle of the fingers in her ass so that I was pressing against my own thrusting cock through the thin barrier of her flesh. Sarah moaned, and that was that. The vibration set Delilah off, and it was contagious from there. She held my wife's hair in her small fists, her hips bucking as she came. Sarah climaxed with a cry, and her cunt gripped me tight, milking my dick. I let go, coming with a short bark that would have been embarrassing had the pleasure not been so intense.

Sarah reached up to stroke Delilah's short dark hair. "I'm so glad you came," she said. Then the laughter became as contagious as the orgasms.

-A.Y., Tulsa, Oklahoma

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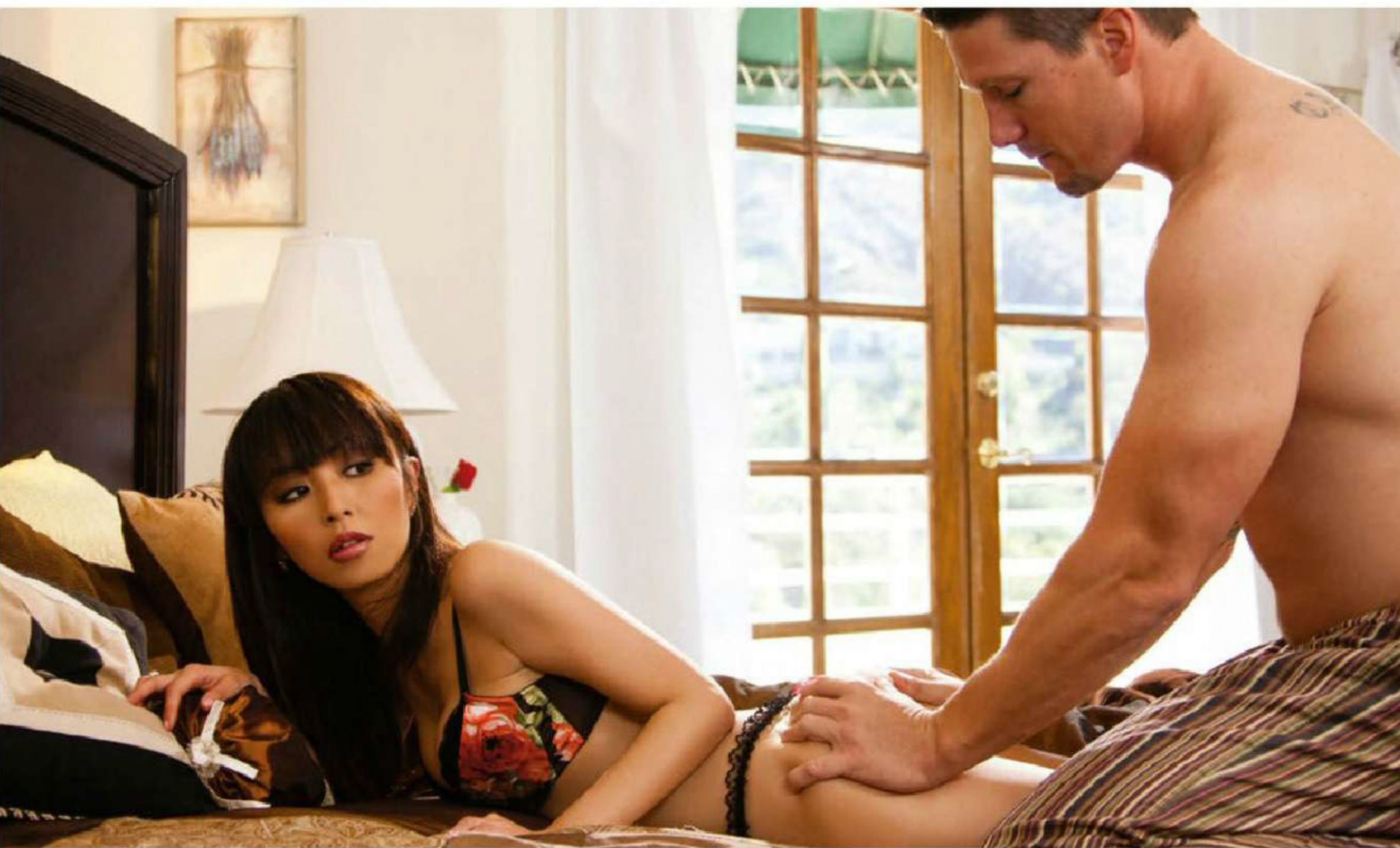
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ASS MAKES ME COME HARD.”

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➤ GIRL MEETS GIRL

HOT AND WET

Grace was already in the shower when I woke up. I could hear the sound of the spray, could hear the melody of her singing. She always sings in the shower. She told me once that it drove her ex-girlfriend crazy. "Why must you always sing show tunes in the shower?" Jo would ask her. But I love the way Grace sings, and I love the fact that she is happy enough in the morning to belt out number after number.

I got out of bed and made my way to the bathroom for a closer look. Through the shower door, I could see that Grace wasn't simply singing. She was pretending the showerhead was a microphone, and she was doing her best rock-star impression as the water rained down on her naked breasts.

Turned on doesn't begin to describe what I felt when I saw her through the glass. I opened the door and joined her. She turned and gave me her most winning smile. The water had flattened her auburn tresses so that her dark hair looked almost like animal fur. There were droplets on her black eyelashes, spray dripping from the tips of her erect nipples.

Enjoying her early a.m. choral performance changed quickly to something else.

As if she could read my mind, Grace handed me the "mic." I am no singer—in or out of the shower—so I started to use the device in an entirely different way. I began to wash her, angling the nozzle all over her nubile body, from her collarbone, to her breasts, and down the basin of her belly. She leaned against the white-tiled wall and stared at me, her lovely violet eyes wide with lust.

"I'm going to make you sing a different tune," I said as I brought the nozzle where I knew she most desired, right between her well-muscled thighs.

"Oh, please," Grace murmured.

In order to gain the access I desired, I got on my knees on the slick floor. Grace leaned against the wall for support and spread her thighs wide. I used my fingertips to part her juicy lips. Then I positioned the vibrating spray to hit her clit.

There was no more singing after that. Not recognizable songs, anyway. But she hit a high note as the massager took over, her moans seeming to echo in the small space.

"How does that feel?" I asked her. I could tell she was close because her whole body was trembling with excitement.

"Unreal," she whispered.

"Then how's this?" I asked, and I spun her around so I could tickle her cute little asshole with a narrower beam of the spray. I thought Grace's knees might give out. She was babbling under her breath, but I caught snippets of words. "Love." "Fuck." Then two together: "Don't stop!"

I brought my baby to another high C when I slid the spray right between her legs, moving the nozzle back and forth to stimulate her entire nether region. She came with gusto, her palms holding her steady on the wall, her head thrown back as she wailed out her pleasure. I stood silently, pleased with myself for bringing her to such obvious heights.

As I was about to slip the showerhead into the proper holder, Grace stopped me.

"Hand that over," she insisted, reaching for the showerhead. I placed the massager in her hand, feeling curious—and excited.

"Now it's your turn."

I spread my thighs.

"That's not what I meant."

I looked at her, quizzically.

"Well, it is what I meant," she corrected herself, using the showerhead to begin to tickle my lower belly. "But not all that I meant." She adjusted the nozzle. The water pounded against my pussy.

I cleared my throat. "Go on."

"Sing."

I looked at her in shock. "I don't sing. You know that."

"It's just me, baby," Grace said, and she ramped the massager up a notch, so that the rhythm grew in intensity. I sucked in my breath. That felt good. More than good.

"For me," she said.

I blushed. I love hearing Grace's morning medleys, but I don't even sing in my car, all by myself. Was she teasing, or was she serious?

She brought the showerhead a little closer to my cunt. Then she used the fingers of her free hand to spread my nether lips. I lowered my chin to my chest. I shut my eyes. What she was doing to me felt almost too divine.

"Now," she insisted.

"What do you want me to sing?"

"Whatever inspires you."

So while my beautiful girlfriend brought me closer and closer to climax, I started to sing my favorite old rock-and-roll song. At first, I had to work to sing louder than a whisper. But as the pleasure built, so did my volume,



until I was acting exactly the way Grace does. I was belting out that golden oldie as the orgasm took over. Only when I'd reached my crescendo did I stop.

"See?" Grace grinned at me. "I knew you had it in you."

"So that's why you sing in the shower," I said, finally understanding.

"Next time, we'll do a duet," she promised.

Dumb Jo, I thought. How had she been displeased by something as sexy as Grace playing rock god? Well, her loss was definitely my gain.

The bubbles swirled seductively down the drain.

—E.M., Chicago, Illinois

■ IN THE PINK

"Shelly, have you met Denise?" I was sitting on a chaise longue by the large turquoise pool in my friend's backyard, and I cupped my hand over my eyes and looked up. I had not met sexy blonde Denise, but as soon as I saw her, I was more than happy to rectify the situation.

Putting out my hand to take hers, I said, "Charmed," and I meant it. Denise was lean and lithe—about 5'6" and built sleek like an athlete. Some of the partiers were wearing sundresses or sarongs, but she was already in a teeny bikini—bright pink with sequins—completely useless for swimming, but incredibly useful for turning me on. In addition to the fantasy-inducing suit, she was wearing bubble-gum pink lipstick and heart-shaped sunglasses, and she had a smile as wide as mine.

From the look of her pale skin, I knew she couldn't be a regular tanner. "Let's get you into some shade," I said, standing and leading her away from our hostess. "There are blankets spread out on the lawn beneath the apple trees."

Denise seemed perfectly at ease to accompany me on the walk. Our mutual friend, Raquel, had invited us to her end-of-summer barbecue. Her large house and mammoth deck were filled with guests. It was now my personal desire to find an uninhabited—and hopefully out of the way—corner of her paradise.

On the walk, Denise said, "Didn't I see you



"I COULD ALREADY SMELL THE AROMATIC SCENT OF HER PUSSY."

at the Christmas party here?"

"Possibly," I nodded. There'd been quite a bit of champagne that night.

"Under the mistletoe," she prodded.

I paused and she lifted her glasses, and I remembered. A cute little vixen in a short red velvet dress. On her tiptoes to kiss me under the sprig of festive greenery.

"I was hoping you'd be here," she added. Warmth spread through me. Now, where would we go?

The apple trees stood together. A small orchard. There were striped blankets spread about, but most of the guests were either poolside or in the house, drinking lemonade

and dining on the gourmet barbecue.

I took us clear behind the other side of the pool house and found us a blanket that was secluded from the rest by the largest of the tree trunks. Someone would have to really come looking to find us.

When we sat on the blanket, Denise didn't waste any time. She lifted her hands behind her hair and untied the bow holding her bikini top in place. I realized I was holding my breath when she let the fluttering fabric fall forward. Her luscious breasts were revealed in the shade of the tree. Shadows danced on her porcelain skin. I tentatively reached out to stroke her, and she sighed and took my free hand and placed my palm on her other breast.

Oh, heaven! Her nipples were already erect. I swiveled around so that I could lick and suck her glorious tits. She stroked my hair and made soft moaning sounds deep in her throat. I could already smell the aromatic scent of her pussy. She was as turned on as I was. I let one hand fall from her breast, and she made a noise of displeasure before she realized my plan. I slid my fingers beneath the waistband of her boy shorts. She wriggled to remove them and give me total access to her delectable cunt.

That was all it took, all the impetus I needed. In seconds, I was finger-fucking her juicy snatch while still sucking on her nipples. I moved back and forth, taunting and teasing

LETTERS

➤ GIRL MEETS GIRL



one and then the other. When she began to quiver, I added a new trick, my mouth hungry to taste the places my fingers had just played. I bent lower and let my lips ring her clit. She grew entirely still as I sucked hard on her hot little button. I only gave her this treat for a few seconds. Then I returned to working her tits with my mouth and stroking her split with my fingers until she started begging.

"Please, Shelly... please suck on me again."

I smiled and gave in. I loved her taste and was excited to have her pussy flavor on my lips.

When she could take no more, she came from my assault. Her entire body stiffened, and then she released and relaxed. Her orgasm was a beautiful thing. The power of her pleasure brought a flush to her high cheekbones. Her breathing came fast and quick. She looked as if she'd just run a mile.

I knew nobody could see us out here. So while she regained her sense of control, I took the opportunity to strip out of my own one-piece navy suit. Then I rejoined her on the blanket in a 69. To my delight, she recovered quickly, and she sealed herself to my own slippery pussy. Turning her on had turned me on. I was dripping wet. She licked away every drop, then locked her lips around my clit and sucked.

White apple blossoms rained down on us

in the breeze. I felt as if we had discovered a magical place. Enchanted. Like a fairy tale. When she wet one finger in my juices and started to stroke my asshole, I cried out against her pussy. The sound was muffled, luckily, but she stiffened, and I realized that the noise had created a type of exotic vibration within her. She echoed me, crying out against my pussy, and that was all I needed. I came in a wild series of sexual gyrations. I couldn't control the force. My body shivered, and I arched back hard. She pushed her finger into my quivering hole. I muffled my moans against her pussy once more. That move triggered a second orgasm from her, and I held her while she quaked.

Sated—at least for the moment—I rolled off her and stared up through the apple branches above us. She did the same, and we held hands on that soft blanket beneath the blazing blue sky.

"That was..." she started but trailed off. "That was so..."

"I know," I told her, understanding what she meant without her having to paint any picture.

And all it took was five words. Five simple words. "Shelly, have you met Denise?" Oh, yes. I met her. I met her over and over and over.

—S.R., Dallas, Texas

■ RANDY REUNION

She was there waiting for me at the airport. Suzette. The love of my life, the spring in my step, the smile on my lips. She was standing at the edge of the crowd, a bouquet of white roses in her hand. Her jet-black hair was tied back with a simple scarlet ribbon that matched the color of her lipstick. Knowing Suzette, that wasn't an accident. I liked how she had chosen a spot a few steps away from everyone else, all by herself, waiting for me. I would have run to her, but I know she doesn't like scenes. Exhibitionism is not her fetish.

I made my way slowly as long as I could, breaking into a little jog right at the end, when I could wait no longer.

Our kiss stopped time.

We'd been apart for nearly three months. Work had taken me halfway around the world. Sure, there's email and long-distance calls, sexting and video conferencing. But what was late for me was early for her, and we never really found our rhythm.

We found it now, in that kiss. Fuck the crowd. Fuck the watchers. She didn't seem to care for once, grabbing me tight, crushing those roses between us, so that I felt wilting petals against my skin.

"Let's get the hell out of here," she hissed, and I almost thought of leaving my luggage. But that wouldn't have been the adult thing to do.

We waited, impatiently, for the suitcases to appear at the baggage claim. Then we maneuvered through crowds to the car, through cars, to the freeway, through traffic, to home. Sweet home. I'd missed home.

Because home meant Suzette.

We left my heavy suitcases by the front door and made it nearly as far as the hallway before tearing each other's clothes off. I worked the pearl buttons on her angora sweater. She ripped at my jacket. Sensible behavior would have meant that I undressed myself and she took care of her own clothes. We weren't in a sensible state of mind. I needed to have my hands on her. Every few seconds, we paused to kiss. I couldn't remember her lips ever being more delicious or our kisses ever being hotter.

Absence hadn't merely made our hearts grow fonder.

Absence had inflamed our lust.

“HER LIPS PARTED. SHE WAS THE PICTURE OF LUST, PURE AND SIMPLE.”

“I missed you,” she said. “Oh, fuck, I missed you.”

When we were down to bras and panties, we made the rest of the journey to the bedroom. There, she had set up a lover’s paradise. With a flick of the switch, she turned on the colored bulbs in the lamps, so the room glowed pink. She pressed another button and soft jazz started to play. And on my pillow? A vibrator. I smiled. Some women use sex toys to take the place of a lover. Suzette has always liked to use her toys with me.

“Take off the rest,” I insisted. She wriggled out of her lavender panties and unhooked her candy-pink bra. For a moment, I admired her stark naked beauty, the lush curves of her hips, the full globes of her tits. Then I motioned for her to climb on our bed, to get comfortable. I hefted the vibrator, one of our larger ones.

“Did you use this while I was away?” I asked. She shook her head.

“You didn’t climax without me?”

Again, that head shake.

“You’re kidding.”

“I’m not. I told you I’d wait.”

Three months. She’d gone without coming for 90 days! This was going to be impressive. This was going to be explosive. I started by running the tip of the toy up the insides of her thighs, back and forth, taunting and teasing. She raised her hips, letting me know what she wanted, what she craved. I gave in for a second, using the tip of the vibrator to trace a seam down her juicy split. Then I resumed my tickling games.

She wanted none of that. This wasn’t the time to go slow, to be patient, to savor each second. It was time to go fast.

“Three months,” she said. “I waited three months.”

I wish I could have said the same, but my libido had run hot while we were apart. I hadn’t cheated—I’d never cheat on her—but I’d fantasized about fucking her every night, and I’d used my fingers, the shower nozzle, even the base of my electric toothbrush as ways to stimulate myself. I supposed I owed her, so I gave in.

I brought the vibrator to her split and put pressure right at her core. Then, as she spread her thighs wide, I let the beast slip inside. She groaned and raised her hips even higher, spread her thighs even wider. I watched her face as the pleasure built. Her eyelids fluttered. Her ruby lips parted. She was the picture of lust, pure and simple. I nudged the motor on the vibrator up a notch, and she cried out my name.

“I pictured fucking you every night,” I told her. “I thought of wearing my strap-on, taking you doggy-style. I thought of putting a butt plug up your ass and making you come with my mouth on your clit.”

“Keep talking,” she whimpered. “Keep talking!”

“I fantasized about having you stay entirely still,” I told her as I thrust the toy inside her and then rotated the base. “Not moving at all

while I make you come. I wonder if you could do that. I wonder if you could keep yourself so focused that you wouldn’t move a muscle until the climax overpowers you.”

“I’d try,” she whispered. “For you.”

“I thought of waking you up with my mouth on your pussy. I dreamed of licking you until the orgasm became one long continuous ride.” As I spoke, I kept working the vibrator in and out of her hole. Her breathing was coming faster now. I knew she was close.

“Then I thought of licking your ass,” I said, “rimming you while fingering your clit. Or maybe making you hold yourself open for me while I lubed you up and popped in your anal beads.”

That sent her spiraling, over the edge and into the deep pool of bliss. The sigh she exhaled was monumental, as if she’d been holding her breath, not for a few seconds but for hours. She lowered her body back to the mattress, shivering all over as pleasure ricocheted through her.

“Oh, holy fuck, I’m glad you’re home,” she said.

“I’m home,” I told her, moving so that she could slide on top of me, so that we could continue the ride into the night. “Oh, doll, I am so home.”

—M.R., Cincinnati, Ohio



LETTERS

➤ GIRL MEETS GIRL

SWEET TREAT

I couldn't believe it.

Just my fucking luck.

The bakery was closed when I pulled up in front. I lowered my head in frustration. An awful day at work followed by bumper-to-bumper traffic on the freeway had robbed me of the one joy I'd been dreaming of: a cupcake with extra frosting. I'd been looking forward to sitting on the edge of the pier, peeling off the pink wrapper, and slowly nibbling my way around the dreamy confection.

Of course, I could have gone to the grocery store and picked up a prefab cupcake. Something wrapped in plastic that had been baked weeks ago in a faraway factory. But I'd wanted this. Local flavor. Gourmet to the very last detail.

As I sat there, dejected, I noticed the front door open. One of the baker's assistants was leaving for the day. Looked like she was locking up. I recognized her immediately. She was my favorite of the different bakery workers—the one I always hoped would assist me when I made it to the front of the line. I love her chin-length red hair that shines like a beacon, love the five silver hoops she wears up the side of each ear.

Did I dare be one of those borderline rude customers? *Please, please, let me in. I know you're closed. But I'm so desperate. You must have day-old remaining. One crumb for me? It's all I've fantasized about for the past eight hours.*

That's not my style. And yet, I found myself stepping out of my car and walking up to the store. The pretty redhead turned to look at me as she pulled the key from the lock. "Oh!" she said, startled. "I didn't see you there."

In her free hand was a cupcake. I had a bizarre thought of mugging her for it. Then I just smiled. Was my sugar craving that intense?

"I guess I'll have to come back tomorrow," I said. "I got caught in traffic. You should have seen the freeway. It was epic."

"What were you going to buy?"

I nodded to her cupcake.

"Really? This was the last one." She bit her lip and looked at me. "Do you want to share?"

Thoughts of confections gave way to other sorts of delicious ideas. I took in her wide blue eyes, the freckles on her cheekbones, her easy-spreading smile.

"You'd share with me?"

She shrugged. "Sure."

So I told her my plan. To buy a cupcake and walk down to the pier to eat the treat. She

**"I USED MY
TONGUE TO TAP
ON HER CLIT AS I
PURSED MY LIPS."**

countered with a different concept entirely. "My apartment faces the water," she said. "It's small. Just a studio. But if you'd like..."

I'd like, I thought. Oh, I'd like. I managed to nod and smile and try not to look too much like the big bad wolf after her goodies.

We walked to her apartment together. On the way, she split the cupcake and we ate the delicious vanilla morsel as we talked. She said she'd noticed me as long as I'd noticed her. The flirty cashier behind the counter of sweetness—the ravenous customer with a passion for vanilla.

When we reached her place, we paused out front and kissed. I could taste strawberry frosting. That made me smile.

Inside, she opened the window and the white curtains billowed. Her studio was tiny, as she'd said, but the bed was more than big enough for the two of us. We dove at each other, peeling off clothing, falling together in a tangle of limbs. I pushed her hair from her face. She kissed the hollow of my neck. I fondled her small breasts and kissed them.

"Are they too small?" she asked, and she sounded worried.

"They're perfect," I told her, and they were. Mouthfuls of flesh topped with the most delicate nipples.

She cradled the cheeks of my ass. We were constantly in motion, learning, getting to know one another in the early evening. The sun was still bright, but low in the sky. The room was painted with the swirls of colors.

I mimicked the swirls with the tip of my tongue as I moved my way down her body to the split between her thighs. Had I thought the cupcake tasted divine? Nothing had ever



compared with the dulcet heavenly treat that awaited me. All of the stress of my day melted away. The anger I'd felt in traffic. The sadness I'd encountered upon arriving too late to make my purchase. All those feelings were replaced by a sense of total nirvana as I used my tongue to tap on her clit, as I pursed my lips to make a ring right around it.

She sighed and squirmed. I held her fast with my hands on her slim hips. I know what I like when it comes to cunnilingus. I performed all those same silky tricks for her. She let me understand I was hitting the right spot with the steady build of her moans and sighs. Soon, she was swaying, nearly swooning, as I brought her to the cusp and gently nudged her over.

I realized that the sun was rapidly setting. Her room was growing darker. The lights from the pier started to fill the window. Glowing bright neon lights replacing the natural brightness of day. We could hear the noises of the beachgoers. The happy sounds of summertime.

She swung around then, taking up my position. I felt her tongue meet my cunt for the first time. I drew in my breath, and then let it out in a rush.

What had I been craving on the drive from work? A bit of dessert. A taste of frosting. I hadn't considered that what would really please me was to be someone else's dessert. She gripped my hips and licked my split. I came to the sounds of the ocean outside. I came in a flush, a rush, a crush of our heartbeats together. Then I settled back into her mattress and sighed with the sublime release.

"You were the icing on my day," she said, swiveling around to cuddle in my arms.

And she was the sugar-spun confection of my summer.

-G.M., Santa Monica, California

SMOOTH RIDE

I'm awful with names. Don't tell me that I simply haven't tried hard enough. Trust me. I've read all the different memory trick books. I know how to make up mnemonics—if you meet someone with a first name that starts with "A," you can associate that person with an animal name that begins with the same letter. Meet an



Anne, think of an antelope. The problem is that I'll remember antelope, but not the name. Amelia? Annette? Azalea? Or I'll remember a first letter, and still be lost.

More often than not I end up having to apologize profusely and admit that I'm just bad at names. No offense meant. My brain simply doesn't retain the information.

So when I met a girl at a business event, a girl I was really interested in, I decided to focus for once. To really pay attention when she said her name. I didn't want to forget this. I didn't want to fuck up this chance.

"I'm Clara," she said, offering her hand.

I started laughing.

"Something funny about my name?" she asked, eyebrows arched.

"No," I promised her. "Nothing at all. It's just that the name gods are smiling on me." I whipped out my wallet and showed her my ID. "You see, I'm awful at remembering names, but I really wanted to make sure I'd remember yours. And the thing is..."

She gazed at my driver's license.

"You're Clara, too," she said, and now she grinned.

That was all it took. We left the event together, taking my car to her place. She'd come with her coworkers in a carpool, so she didn't have a vehicle. During the drive, we talked about names. I'd never met someone

with mine before. She'd met plenty of Claires and a Clarice or two. But this was a unique experience for her, as well.

What followed was even more spectacular.

In her bedroom, we stripped and joined on her queen-size mattress. Then, when the moaning started, I found myself in a perplexing situation. As she kissed my collarbone, then let her mouth meet my nipples, I whispered her name, which was—of course—my name. She gazed up at me and smiled that saucy smile.

I could tell that she wanted to try this, too.

I flipped her, and now I was the one kissing slowly down her body. She had large, gorgeous breasts, D-cups to my B-cups. I licked the nipple on her right breast, then moved to her left. She threaded her fingers through my hair. She lifted her slim hips skyward.

"Clara," she begged. "Oh, Clara!"

Then she giggled. "It feels kind of dirty," she admitted. "As if I'm fucking myself."

I spun her so she was able to see our reflection in the oval-shaped mirror over her dresser. I got behind her, on hands and knees, and I started to finger-fuck her pussy with passion. She looked into her eyes, then into my eyes. "Clara," she murmured.

"That's right," I agreed. "That's the way."

She looked back and forth—from her own reflection to mine. I found the action deeply

LETTERS

↘ GIRL MEETS GIRL

personal, and yet, we were virtually strangers. That added to the excitement.

"Do you have something you could fuck yourself with?" I asked, curious.

She pointed, and I opened the drawer in her nightstand and located a vibrator. Quickly, I handed her the toy. She didn't need instructions. She started to run her vibe over her clit. I continued to fuck her pussy with two fingers overlapped, making my hand into a type of probing device. The whole time, she stared into the mirror and whispered her name. And my name. "Clara, oh, Clara," until she reached the cusp.

Then I could tell she wasn't able to whisper anything at all. The passion had grown too powerful. There seemed to be a moment of crackling electricity in the room, as if her erotic energy was lighting up the whole place. She teetered on the edge, her mouth opening, eyes bright and round—and then she fell, and her voice became wordless, one long, low moan of delight.

Afterward, she turned off the toy, and I thought she'd need time to recover. That climax had looked intense, at least from the outside. But she didn't seem to want to stop. She said, "Are you game?" and she fumbled in her drawer until she'd found a dildo and a harness.

I nodded emphatically. "Yes, Clara." It was entertaining to use my own name. "Yes, Clara, fuck me!"

She strapped on the dildo in seconds, fastening the buckle like a pro, and then she positioned me as she wanted: on hands and knees in the same place she'd been moments before. I faced the mirror. I stared at myself. Then she was sliding her fingers between my nether lips, gathering dew to lube up the tool. I watched with hungry eyes as she prepped the device.

"You're so nice and wet for me," she cooed. "This is going to be a smooth ride."

In seconds, she had the toy poised at my swollen lips. I lowered my head, steeling myself. She would have none of that. I hadn't let her hide. She wouldn't let me, either.

"Watch, Clara. Watch me fuck you."

Her gray eyes were wide and demanding. I stared into them as she slid the toy inside me. It was fat and long, just how I like my sex toys, and she filled me completely. I groaned when she hit bottom, then sighed as she withdrew. It didn't take her long to find the perfect rhythm.



**"I GOT BEHIND
HER AND STARTED
TO FUCK HER
PUSSY WITH
PASSION."**

Even though we'd only met this afternoon, it was almost as if we'd always been lovers. Our connection was that strong, that brilliant. Everything she did turned me on even more.

To emphasize each stroke within, she let one hand fall down below my body. She began tweaking my clit in time with her thrusts. I lost all of my inhibitions. She was playing me like an instrument, strumming me with finesse. I groaned and let her know exactly how intense the sensation was.

"Don't stop," I begged. "Please don't stop!"

"Say my name," she insisted.

It felt weird. Not wrong weird, but weird just the same.

"Don't stop, Clara," I whispered.

"Louder!"

"Don't stop, Clara!" I said, louder this time, shouting this time.

"That's right," she said, and she sounded pleased. "You let the whole world know how good I'm making you feel!"

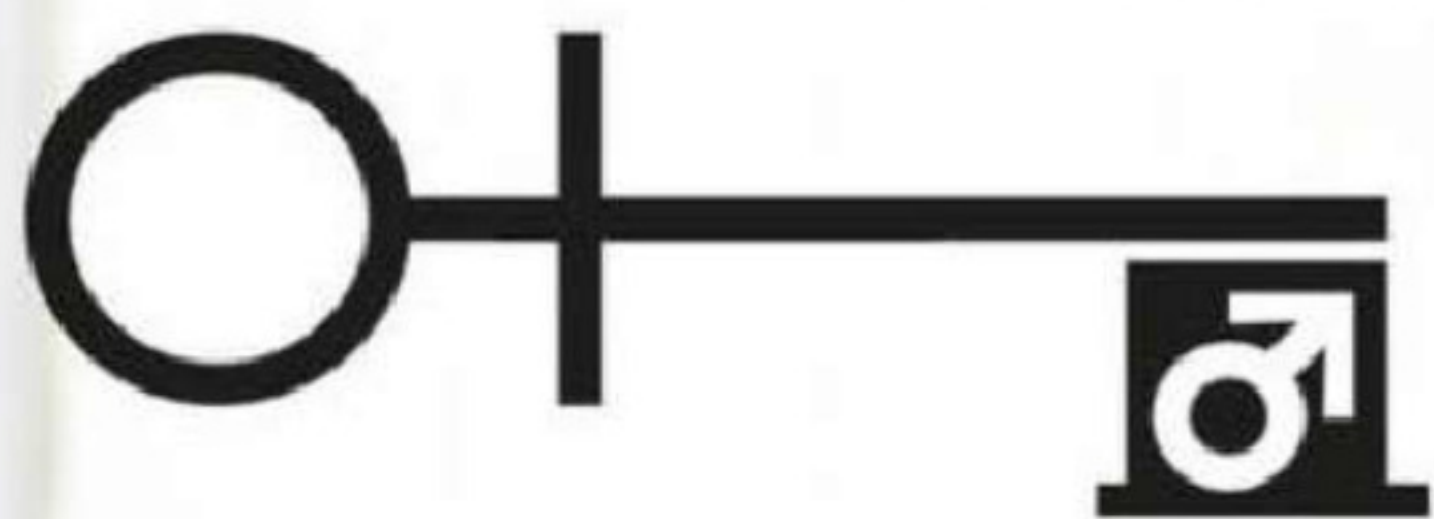
I did. I cried out her name—*my name—our name—*over and over as I came. The wonder of the moment flared through me. Waves of crystalline pleasure lapped at me. No climax had ever felt quite like this before—not by myself, not with a lover. I was transported by the power, and it took me several seconds to regain my sense of control, to pull forward and off of her slick dildo, to face her on the bed. We kissed then. Clara to Clara.

And one thing I knew for sure—this was a name I'd never forget, and never get tired of saying.

—C.R., Providence, Rhode Island

Have you dabbled in the pleasures of Sappho? Share your tale of titillation by mailing your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department GG, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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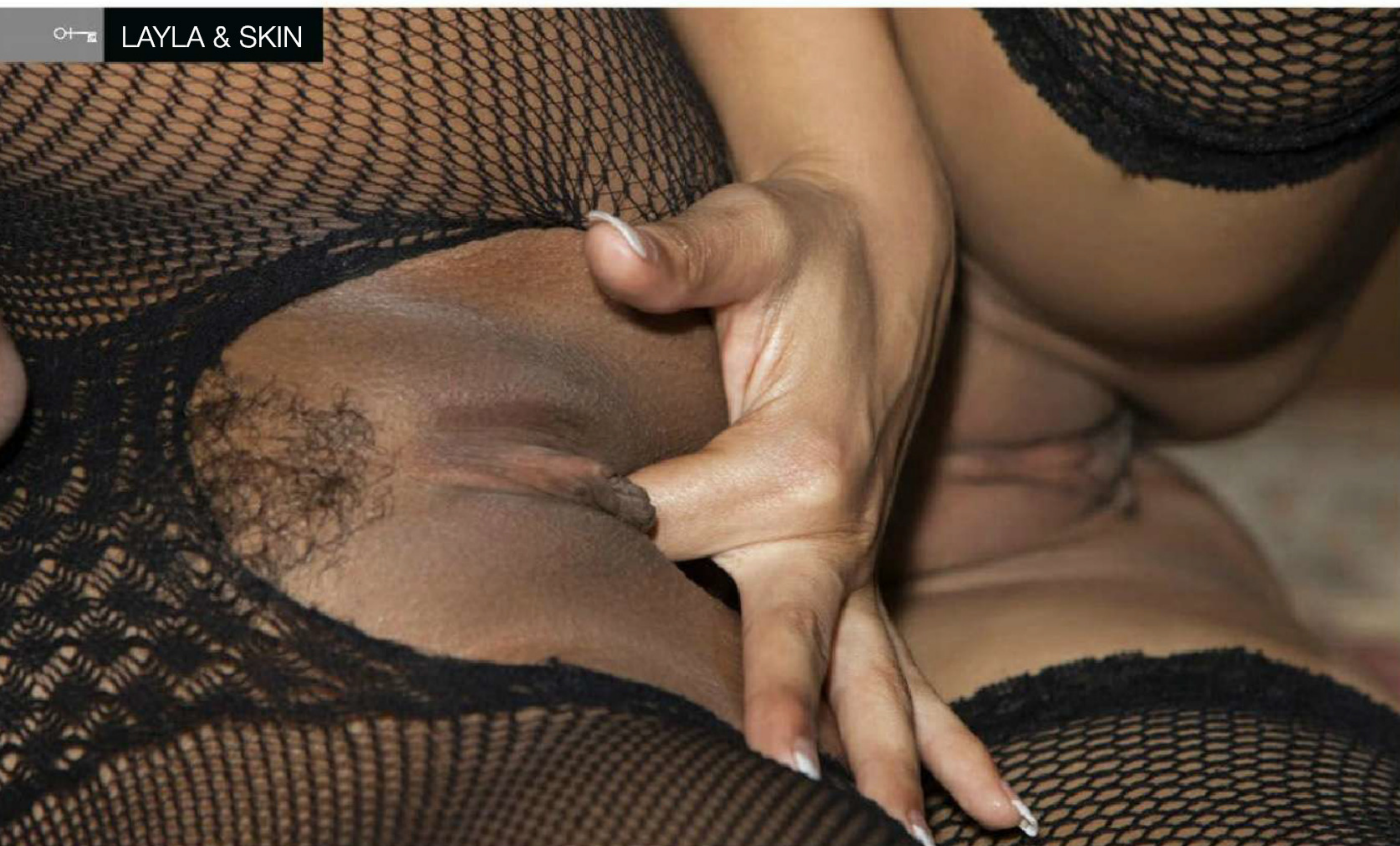




“SKIN MAKES THE SEXIEST SOUNDS
WHEN I LICK HER SWEET PUSSY.”

—LAYLA









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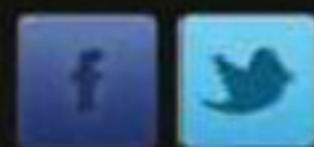
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

AQUASEX

An aquatic, erotic, and exhibitionistic encounter brings a tidal wave of pleasure.

There is something sensual about open water, about water in general. It caresses your skin and enfolds you in an allover embrace. I'd always appreciated a woman who liked to get soapy and frisky in a shower or tub. Even better was a female companion who enjoyed boating. Miranda was just that woman.

We had rented a good-sized glass-bottomed boat for a long weekend, and we were taking another couple out among the corals and small islands off the coast to enjoy the beautiful skies and tropical temperatures. The heat melted away my worries, and the steady buzz of the engines set up a sympathetic vibration in my balls that kept me horny all day.

Miranda loved being on the water, too. I watched her up on the flying bridge, at the controls. She handled the cruiser like a pro. I admired how her skimpy bikini bottoms highlighted the taut hemispheres of her gorgeous ass. Her full tits jounced with the water's motion. Beads of moisture glistened on her bronze skin as her sun-bleached hair streamed out behind her.

"I wish I could lose the swimsuit and drive this baby buck-naked, like Lady Godiva of the seas!" she said, grinning wickedly. Her spirit moved me immensely, but I wasn't sure our friends, Mickey and Viola, were freewheeling enough for an exhibition like that.

Still, we were all having a great time. I knew where the best coral was, and I pointed down at the formations through the boat's transparent underside. Bright fish flitted everywhere.

We all got sleepy in the afternoon heat. Miranda shut the engines. I was snoozing when a voice said, "Hey, there's something big down there!"

I opened my eyes to find Mickey crouched over the large square of reinforced glass fitted into the boat's bottom. We'd drifted over a good diving spot, though one most people didn't know about. I glanced around and saw a smaller vessel anchored off our port.

"See!" said Mickey. "There it goes again,

swimming down in those rocks. It doesn't move like a fish."

I finally looked down, as Viola also stirred from her deck chair. My sharp eyes sorted out the movements below. Then I, too, saw it. And no, that wasn't a fish. For a second I thought it was someone wearing a tan-colored diving suit.

But no. It was a woman with an air tank and mask on—and nothing else. She was diving naked and darting through the coral with nimble movements. The sea floor wasn't very deep here, and we could see everything.

"THE TWO BARE SWIMMERS WEREN'T MERELY EMBRACING BELOW US."

Through the clear turquoise water I saw her bare, sumptuous ass. Her body flexed sinuously. Her limbs moved with elegant strokes. I was mesmerized.

"Wooo!" Miranda howled from up at the controls. She, too, was looking down from her high perch, grinning lecherously. "Look at that sweet ass. C'mon, big boy, roll over and show us your cock!"

Confused, I looked back down. The woman wasn't alone. A man with a taut swimmer's build was down there as well, following the flitting female. He was naked. They both had long dark hair that spread out in streamers, like seaweed.

Almost as if he'd heard Miranda's cheer, the man turned over. Even from up here I could see his cock was plenty hard.

"Holy shit!" Mickey yelped.

Viola asked cautiously, "Do people often skinny-dip out here?"

The two nude divers were zipping away. Suddenly, the engines came alive. With one eye on the coral below, Miranda idled us after the couple.

Obviously, those two down there were aware of our boat. As I watched, they zigzagged in and out of the vivid formations. The woman turned over, revealing breasts almost as full as Miranda's, tipped with nipples as pink as some of the coral around her. She lifted a hand and waved up at us. Through the glass bottom we waved back, laughing.

Miranda kept on them. The experience was all so playful. The two down there frolicked, showing off their bodies and swimming skills. Except for the tanks on their backs and the masks on their faces, they could have been merfolk, beings who lived in the water and who were only teasing us surface people for sport.

The couple came to an open area and started circling each other. Miranda killed the engines and came to stand beside me as we all gazed down on the scene.

The two swimmers were so sprightly in the water, their movements might have been choreographed. This could have been some oceanic art/dance project being performed just for us.

Sunlight dappled their bodies. The vibrant background framed their dance. They circled closer. Finally, they reached out at the same time and clasped hands. With that, they turned in a kind of corkscrew move and their bodies came together. Their limbs entwined.

"What're they doing now?" Mickey asked breathlessly.

I slipped an arm around Miranda. Her bikini-clad body hummed with a growing excitement.

The two bare swimmers weren't merely embracing below us. The man was fondling his partner's lovely tits, and she had reached around to squeeze his ass. Their actions had the slow-motion quality of movements in space, the water dragging on their bodies. Their leisureliness made the scene even more hypnotic and sensual.



His hands glided over her toned body. The couple turned and twirled. She took hold of his hard cock. Mickey and Viola gasped.

Miranda let out a soft moan beside me. She stealthily snaked a hand down the back of my swim trunks and took hold of my ass. I kissed her shoulder, feeling my cock grow hard. I looked at her erect nipples poking against her bikini top. I wanted to fuck her right there, on top of that glass where those two lovely swimmers could look up and watch us. I had the feeling Miranda wouldn't mind that at all.

But we restrained ourselves. Below, the man had started to finger the woman's pussy. Her body wriggled in response. There was nothing to hear but the water gently slapping the hull and the small incredulous sounds from our friends. That soundlessness added to the beautiful, surreal display of the lovers in the water.

They were never motionless. The sea kept them moving. They wafted and drifted but remained in contact with each other. He was delving deep into her pussy, two digits buried up to the knuckle inside her body. Her fingers anchored her to his strong shoulders. Their

masks kept us from seeing their expressions, but I imagined her face reflected her erotic bliss. She writhed languidly, then let her head loll back, her body relaxing with her obvious release.

The couple was a wonder to behold. The woman locked her legs completely around the man's waist. He slotted his cock up into her, gripping her hips in his hands. She staked her fingertips into his shoulders once again. Then with those same slowed-down movements, he started thrusting into her pussy. I'm still not quite sure how they engineered their erotic dance. However, I doubted this was the first time they'd had sex in the water.

As their bodies crashed together, they tumbled this way and that. Ribbons of bright fishes crossed our view of the two lovers. Shafts of muted sunlight picked out their erotic motions. His ass clenched as he jammed up into the woman again and again. She thrust down on him, impaling herself. Her head rolled from side to side, hair streaming. Again, I imagined her climactic expression, her face reflecting her rising ecstasy.

What must it have felt like? I wondered.

I'd fucked women—including Miranda—in a bathtub and shower stall, but that wasn't the same as being completely submerged in the water. I guessed it would decelerate things, and thereby draw out the pleasure.

As Mickey and Viola gaped at the presentation, and as Miranda kneaded my ass and rubbed her bare thigh against mine, I watched raptly as the two swimmers went into a final frenzy. The water churned around them. Tiny sea creatures scattered. The lovers thrashed and squirmed, yet somehow stayed joined.

When they froze in mid-delirium, I knew they'd shared a mutual climax. What a wondrous sight! Those two bodies went taut, every muscle straining, holding for several stunning seconds. Then they fell slackly together, still embracing but with a postcoital tenderness.

"Let's leave them in peace," Miranda said, before I made the suggestion myself. She hopped up to the flying bridge and guided our boat away.

That night, anchored off a small islet, Miranda and I practically capsized our vessel

LETTER OF THE MONTH



with a frantic fuck session in the master cabin. Those scenes of underwater sex stayed vivid in my mind. I figured I would carry the images forever.

Miranda draped herself across my sweaty chest, panting. She lifted her head and looked at me with her stunning green eyes.

"Those two in the water were something, weren't they?" I said.

"Understatement of the century, Jack. You know what, though? As exciting as it was to watch them..."

"Yes?" I prompted.

That wicked smile touched her lovely face again. "I'd rather we be the ones doing the fucking—the ones being watched. I've never done anything like that. And I want to do it with you."

"Can we do it in the water, too?"

Several weeks later, we did a hopeless test run in tanks and diving masks, but we were too maladroit to fool around underwater with gear on. We decided not to forgo safety on the open water and consider other options.

"Maybe someplace... easier?" Miranda suggested, and I saw she already had an impish idea.

So we checked into an oceanside hotel the next weekend, when I knew all the other rooms were booked for a swingers' convention. We were lucky there was a last-minute room cancellation. No, we weren't interested in having sex with other people. But this was a prime opportunity. I knew there would be an erotic atmosphere and that the hotel would be filled with people who'd appreciate our desires.

The hotel had a comfortable layout and upscale rooms. And one other feature: the back half of the hotel overlooked a mammoth pool.

Miranda and I mingled till the wee hours in the ornate lobby bar. Then we went up to our room to change into swimwear.

I admired the fine bronze lines of her body as she slipped into her swimsuit. She saw my cock was halfway hard from the sight of her. Her green eyes flashed. "Save it for the show, baby. C'mon."

My heart was beating fast as we arrived at the pool area. The pool itself was lit, the surrounding lights dimmed. The night felt warm. Only a few stragglers were around: one guy asleep on a lounge chair, two women talking softly at a patio table. No one was swimming.

“I CUPPED HER ASS AND BROUGHT HER PUSSY TO MY MOUTH.”

I looked up at the many windows soaring above us: dozens and dozens of rooms, each with a balcony. Some of the windows were lighted, some of the balconies occupied.

Miranda and I dove in together and swam the big pool's length. My girlfriend's smooth, sinewy body moved easily through the water. We got to the end and started back, but this time we stopped midway, where we could both bounce on our toes on the pool's bottom. Watery light flashed over my lover's body. I took her in my arms. We kissed, gently at first, before moving into a grinding of mouths, a tangling of tongues.

Anybody watching at this stage must have thought: *Aw, look at them, how romantic.* But soon Miranda was rubbing her crotch right up against mine. I reached around to cup her generous ass. My cock surged to full hardness, poking out of the top of my swim trunks. She slipped a hand between us to tease my swollen dickhead.

I moved my hand to grope her breasts, feeling her stiff nipples. As Miranda and I broke our kiss, we gave each other a final look. Her hair was plastered to her head. “All the way?” I asked.

“All the way!” she said gleefully.

We tugged each other out of our swimsuits, the garments floating away. Now we were absolutely buck-fucking-naked in the middle of the lit-up pool. Miranda's flesh glowed a cool blue, and the ripples made her body waver into strange shapes. She looked gorgeous.

The water splashed as we flung into a fresh embrace. I caught her and pulled her tight against me. I was filled with pleasure at the feel of her taut, lovely form. Her legs entwined



LETTER OF THE MONTH

with mine. I squeezed her tits again, tweaking those pebble-hard nips.

"Hold your breath!" I warned her, then together we plunged underneath the lapping surface. The light was brighter down here. I looked at the length of her, the vitality of her body, the beauty of her shape. Her hair streamed out everywhere.

She reached out and took firm hold of my cock, sending a jolt of joy through me. We turned and tumbled. I slipped a hand up her thigh and grazed her pussy with my fingertips. Her whole body wrenched in slow motion. I delved my fingers in deeper, feeling her slick wetness even submerged in all this water.

Finally, we had to come up for air. I was so

**"I STEPPED
BEHIND HER AND
SLOTTED MY
COCKHEAD
AGAINST HER
SLIPPERY HOLE."**

caught up in our actions that for a minute I'd actually forgotten we were in a pool in full view of strangers. In fact, I'd forgotten that was the point of this exhibitionistic adventure. So I was briefly shocked to hear bold murmurs of appreciation. I turned to see the two women from the patio table standing at the edge of the pool. The dozing guy had woken up and put a cell phone to his ear, grinning as he obviously described to someone what he was seeing.

A powerful wave of excitement surged through me. I could tell by Miranda's dancing eyes she felt the same.

We stood together at the pool's center. I fingered her pussy harder and deeper,



jamming in two fingers. She jerked my cock with fierce, pistoning motions, splashing the water. I blinked droplets out of my eyes and looked up at the looming face of the hotel. I could see people pointing down at us, probably with the same expressions of erotic approval as the women standing at poolside. My lust reached a fevered pitch.

Miranda's pussy walls clenched around my intruding fingers as I watched her features tighten. She cried out, the sound echoing off the concrete surrounding the pool. As she started to fall limply away, I dove down and scooped her up by her hips, lifting her off her feet.

When I raised her legs, she got the idea and draped her knees over my shoulders. Her upper body drifted back onto the water's surface, and she waved her arms to keep afloat. I cupped her ass and brought her pussy to my mouth.

I heard a crowd reaction as I licked her groove. It was a general sort of noise—voices close by and farther away. Peripherally, I was aware of new shadows moving into the pool area. By now, I was certain more people had come to their balconies to watch. Miranda and I were the center of attention.

My tongue trailed up and down. Miranda's flowing juices quickly obliterated the taste of the water's chlorine. I savored her carnal flavor. I'd never gone down on a woman this way. It was wild, the buoyancy allowing me to hold her right up to my face like this.

I feasted on her delicious pussy. Her copious juices smeared my chin and lips. I snaked my tongue inside her, feeling those same flexing silky walls. I flicked her clit, and her knees snapped tight around my neck. She jerked and water splashed.

She was crying out again, going up octave by octave, reaching that orgasmic pitch as I continued to eat her hungrily. When she climaxed, she thrashed atop the water, limbs whipping. Her cry pierced the night this time, echoing off the back face of the hotel itself.

A round of cheers and applause arose. I flushed with delight, my face slick with Miranda's honey.

As her feet came to rest on the bottom again, she gestured toward our audience. "They deserve a real finale, don't they?"

I couldn't help but agree, of course. We waded toward the shallow end of the massive pool. No one else had come into the water,



but a crowd had definitely assembled around the edges.

Miranda stood with the water halfway up her thighs. She kissed me, then turned and planted her palms on the cement rim. She pushed her perfect ass out toward me. The pool's rippling light picked out the individual water beads coating her exquisite body. My cock throbbed urgently.

I stepped behind her and slotted my cockhead against her slippery hole. I pressed myself up into her until I was flush against her backside, my legs resting on the backs of hers.

Then I started fucking her like a sea demon.

We were facing the hotel. The tiers of the large structure rose up and up. It was like a rock concert with all those people looking down at us. I heard more cheers, sharp whistles and other shouts of support.

I clutched Miranda's waist, fingers sliding around the molded grips of her hipbones. I thrust into her, using good, hard strokes. Our wet bodies smacked together. The water spanked against the side of the pool. Her ass rippled with each impact.

The pleasure was intense, a sizzling

eroticism. It was as if we drew energy from the many watching eyes. I imagined the pleasure we were giving our viewers, a carnal memory they would carry with them for all time. My excitement was their excitement. They were with me. With us.

A rhythmic clapping had started up in time to my thrusts. Miranda was trembling, her system going into orgasmic overdrive. Wet strands of her hair clung halfway down her back. She growled over her shoulder, "Give 'em what they want, Jack!"

I figured our audience had earned a real climax to our show. At the last possible second, I pulled out of Miranda's succulent pussy. As if on cue, she draped herself flat over the edge of the pool. With a howl of my own, I jetted my pearly bliss over her back and ass. My cream flew, spraying and sticking to her bronze skin.

The cheers were deafening.

We took our bows, retrieved our swimwear, and hastened back to our room, knowing we had given the crowd a memorable night...and dreaming of an aquatic encore in the future.

—J.D., Via Email



A COUGAR'S CONQUEST

Drinking from a fountain of youth takes on an erotic new meaning when Arianna devours a young lover from the root of his cock upward.

By Arianna Cento

“I fucked a college boy. And he was fabulous. Okay?”

I laughed at Chantel’s outburst, but only because 35 years of friendship lets you do that. I’d been listening to her drama for decades. Boyfriends, breakups, and now an impulsive affair with a startlingly young man.

We were on my sundeck with margaritas. She’d been talking around the matter for half an hour, dropping Joc’s name repeatedly.

“I’d like to hear more about him,” I said dutifully. The day was warm, the drinks pleasantly icy. Chantel is a very attractive late-40s woman. We had both stayed trim and in fine shape over the years. But 45 is still 45.

It was a shock when Chantel told me exactly how old Joc was.

“Twenty!” I yelped, too startled to laugh this time. I felt a sudden wave of envy. I was unmarried as well, dating men my age. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d fucked a college kid.

Chantel gave me an embarrassed grin. “I know. Instead of looking for someone in my own peer group, I run out and screw a puppy.”

“Tell me,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady.

Chantel started in with her lurid tale of a cougar’s conquest.

Joc worked at a trendy coffeehouse part-time while he was going to the local university. Chantel often stopped there for a cup. She described Joc, a tall, lean hipster with a mop of dark hair, sideburns—sideburns!—and a shy smile.

He was friendly in his demure way, and Chantel had talked to him some and always left a nice tip. So, one night after yet another bad date, she was looking for some friendly company and headed to the coffee place.

“It was late, and I didn’t realize they were closed until I pushed at the door. Joc came up with a broom in hand, opened the lock, and invited me to come inside. He was the only one there, cleaning up.”

She sat with a coffee he’d made her, and they got to talking. Chantel found herself

bemoaning her single status and her bad luck in the dating world. Joc wore a snug T-shirt and skinny jeans, and she couldn’t help sneaking peeks at his tight ass as he pulled the shutters over the windows.

Finally, he stood by her chair, shook his head at her tale of woe and said, “A woman as fine as you deserves better.”

It was a corny line, and he looked as nervous as hell having said it. But the words threw a switch in Chantel’s brain, and she reached out and put her hand on his crotch.

“I ACTUALLY FELT HIM GET HARD, JUST SPRING TO FULL LENGTH ALL AT ONCE.”

“No way!” I almost choked on a mouthful of margarita there on the sundeck.

Chantel rolled her eyes. “I know. Brazen. Ridiculous. But there I was cupping this 20-year-old’s cock through his jeans. I actually felt him get hard, just spring to full length all at once. I swear, Arianna, he made my mouth water.”

I sympathized. Chantel had immediately looked up at the surprise on Joc’s face. Sense returned to her, and she was ready to let him go when he moaned and bucked toward her lustfully. She took that as her cue and tugged down his zipper. His cock jumped out into her waiting hand. She gazed at his erection at eye-level, rapt, beholding the glorious vein-lined shaft, the plump, swollen cockhead.

“It felt like velvet wrapped around a steel rod,” she rhapsodized. “He throbbed in my grip—actually throbbed. I saw a milky bead of pre-come start to dribble from his tip.”

“And you... ?” I asked breathlessly.

She grinned shamelessly now. “I leaned forward and licked it up with my tongue.”

I jumped a little in my chair. Joc had jumped, too, his slim, taut body jolting like he’d been hit with electricity. Chantel said he’d tasted divine. After that, she figured there was no turning back. She cradled his balls and closed her lips around his cockhead. Then she slid her mouth further down his straining shaft. She took inch after inch, until she’d buried her nose in his black pubic curls.

With the crown of his cock pulsing in her throat, she gazed up again. Joc looked thunderstruck. He’d probably never gotten a decent deep-throating in his life. Chantel decided it was her duty to remedy that.

She started bobbing her head on his cock. She kept up a professional suction around his staff, cheeks caved in, lips sealed around his lovely girth. His balls stirred in her gentle grip. She heard him moaning again. He began to thrust toward her, driving his cock deeper into her accommodating throat.

I set down my drink and sat on the edge of my chair. “Did you make him come in your mouth?”

Chantel laughed. “Oh, hell yes! His balls went tight, and I felt him twitch against my tongue, then that hot, thick cream was jetting into my mouth. I swallowed like mad. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, his semen coating my tongue and throat. Finally, he staggered back, dazed. I couldn’t believe what I’d just done. I thought he might freak out. But you know what happened then?”

“What?” I needed to know.

“He drew me up out of my chair, spread me out on the table, flipped up my dress, knelt on the floor, and—”

“He ate your pussy!” My heart was hammering; I was so caught up in the story.

Again, Chantel grinned wickedly. “First, he



SPOTLIGHT ON

TRUE CONFESSIONS



asked for permission. He begged to lick me."

I tried to remember the last time I'd had that sort of worshipful lover. Chantel vividly depicted Joc's pussy-eating technique. The young man was enthusiastic, lapping away wildly. She'd reached down and repositioned his head slightly, murmuring a few instructions. Her cunt flowed, and pleasure swept over every centimeter of her flesh. His tongue snaked up inside her. He flicked her clit, then grazed it delicately with his teeth.

She clamped her thighs around his skull, her hips bucking. He grunted and snuffled between her legs, desperate to please her. With the taste of his come still in her mouth, she writhed through a magnificent climax. She seized a handful of that mop-top hair and ground herself against his mouth, her body lit with bliss.

When she managed to push up onto her elbows, she was surprised to see Joc kicking off his jeans. She was even more surprised to see him fully erect again. Ah, youthful vitality.

Again, he went into solicitous mode, beseeching, "Please, can I fuck you? I want to be inside you so bad!"

His body was drum-tight, Chantel said. Not an ounce of fat. His belly button was as firm as a nickel set atop a model's taut abs. His cock twitched expectantly.

"You let him, didn't you?" I said. "You let him fuck you."

"Goddamn right! I lifted my knees and

"HER CUNT FLOWED, AND PLEASURE SWEEPED OVER EVERY CENTIMETER OF HER FLESH."

planted my feet on the edge of that table, and I told him to stick his lovely rod into me."

Joc had done exactly that. He reached for his discarded jeans to snag a condom from the pocket. He kept his eyes locked on her as he rolled the rubber down his shaft. Then he set his palms on her knees and slid himself into the hole he'd so recently been feasting on. Chantel gasped. He was as hard as mahogany. That same tasty cockhead swelled up like a plum all over again and pushed deep into her. She lay stretched across the table, among the smells of varnish and coffee grounds. Her head rocked back and forth. She groped for the edges of the table.

The 20-year-old plowed into her. The fleshy

smacks of his body against hers filled the empty café. The tabletop shook underneath her. She heard the wooden legs creak. His fingers went white where they grasped her knees. She watched his beautiful, sleek body in motion, the piston-thrust of his hips, the hair spilling over his callow features. His teeth were bared, his eyes rolling back.

He fucked her with a boundless energy, not saving up anything. His balls spanked her, and she writhed and cried out. Her climax this time shook her to her bones, a blazing pleasure that washed through her, taking away every negative thought and experience. She felt alive and refreshed, the object of a passionate man's fiery desires.

When Joc came, it was like an affirmation: *Yes, yes, you are beautiful and worthy! You deserve this! You deserve absolute pleasure!*

Chantel picked up her margarita glass and shrugged. I slumped back in my seat, stunned. And all I could think was: *I have got to get me some of that.*

Problem was: I didn't know how to go about it. I wasn't sure there was a specific way to find a yummy, young male eager to worship at the altar of my pussy.

I wasn't tuned into youth culture, didn't know any millennials particularly well. I went to some clubs, the gym, but the idea of bagging myself a youthful lover felt foolish after a few days.

Where did I retreat to? The library. Because I'd grown up with printed books and still loved the feel of turning pages.

I sat at a table, losing myself in a thick tome and the library's hush.

"Scusa... uh, you will look, please?"

Startled, I looked up. Standing there holding an open book toward me was a raven-haired, athletically built man with a cautious but dazzling smile and smoldering, dark eyes.

I got lost a moment in those eyes, then said, "What?"

He pointed to his book, to a picture. It was of a statue, something historical. In a heavy accent he said, "Juventas."

"Come again?" He appeared excited.

"Goddess..." he said, struggling for a word. "Youth. Goddess of youth. Juventas. You, lady. You!"

Then I saw what he was getting at, and yes, I did look like the regal Roman female statue. That this sweet piece would actually approach me to point out the similarities encouraged me. Hopefully, he had something more in mind.

"How old are you?" I asked. The librarian was looking over, getting ready to shush us.

He blinked, then said, "*Venti*. 20."

"That's a good number." Impulsively, with my heart beating fast, I seized his muscular forearm and pulled him toward the exit. He came along willingly. I figured if he didn't want to be dragged off by older lascivious women, he should know enough not to call them goddesses of youth.

His English was rather broken, but as I drove him to my place, I picked up his name—Giovani—and the fact that he had come from Italy to study at a university. He was all grins as I took him up to my bedroom.

I was more than 20 years older than him, and while that excited me, it was also a potential source of great nervousness. I had to make sure he actually wanted the goods I had to offer.

At the foot of my luxurious bed, I peeled off my clothing. I watched his eyes go big. Relentless exercise had kept me slender and nimble. His gaze traveled my bare body. I felt vulnerable and flushed, waiting.

Finally, he said, "*Bellissima*. Beautiful lady." He started to tug at his shirt, then paused. "May I become naked, too, please?"

His beseeching tone raised gooseflesh on me. My pussy dampened. "Yes, Giovani. Show me your body."

He eagerly complied. I caught my breath as he flung away his clothes. He was a taut specimen, seething with youthful vigor. His muscles were lean, hard, and prominent. His olive-tinged skin was smooth and lay tight over his bones. His cock stood up fiercely hard, his juicy balls hanging beneath.

"Please. You let me lick now, yes?"

My knees went weak, but I beckoned him toward me and watched with wonder as he knelt on the rug and set his mouth against my wet, shaved cleft. His strong shoulders pressed apart my thighs. I steadied myself by winding my fingers into his lush hair. His tongue raked my folds, sending hot bursts of bliss up through my body. He stabbed deeper, moaning as he did so. I felt that hum in me, and I ground against his mouth.

He slurped and grunted loudly. His hands closed around the spheres of my ass, pulling, urging me to ride his face harder. I bucked and thrashed on the 20-year-old's mouth, impaling myself on his agile tongue, holding tightly to his full head of hair.

When I came, it was a wild convulsion of ecstasy. The pleasure grabbed hold of each part of my body, shaking, shuddering. I smeared my excitement shamelessly on his upturned face.

I staggered back and sat on the end of the bed. Giovani still knelt, the bottom half of his handsome face glistening. He grinned. "*Bene*, yes? Okay, beautiful lady?"

This lovely man had begged to eat my pussy. Now he wanted to know if he had done good. A joy beyond erotic rapture touched my being. I hadn't wanted for lovers these past few years, but none of my suitors had been so eager to please. None saw sex as so vital, so sensational, so new.

"Very good, Giovani. Stand up now."

I took hold of his cock, caressing the impressive length. He let out tiny groans as I fondled him. I gave him a few preliminary jerks to get his pre-come going. Then, like Chantel had done with her boy toy, I licked up the little milky droplet. She was right; it tasted divine.

Hungrily, I wrapped my lips around his cockhead. I slathered my tongue over that round, smooth knob, making him wriggle all

over. Then I sucked him in, sliding the circle of my lips down his stiff shaft. I had to pause three-quarters of the way until my throat could take the rest of him.

I sensed all the vitality of his perfect body as I worked him with my mouth. His hands fell to my shoulders, and he gave an experimental thrust or two. I tugged on his hips, encouraging him to fuck my face harder. He did, soon bucking away, firm thighs flexing, his balls slapping against my chin. I'd had thoughts of priming his pump with my mouth. But now I wanted to drink his come.

I didn't have to wait long. I sucked him hard, cinching my lips tightly, racing my tongue up and down his throbbing shaft. He cried out words I didn't recognize. His whole body was trembling. Then his thick cream erupted. Jet after jet exploded across my tongue and down my throat.

The experience left me dizzy. I savored his manly flavor as I fell back on the bed. Eventually, I looked up and saw to my surprise that Giovani was climbing after me, his gleaming cock already rising again.

"I fuck you now, okay? Please?"



SPOTLIGHT ON

TRUE CONFESSIONS

I moved further up onto my expansive bed before reaching over to my nightstand for a condom. Handing one to him, I opened my thighs in invitation. In no time, his dick was sheathed in rubber, and I crooked my finger at him.

"Yes, baby. Fuck me now."

He leapt up onto me, a springy lithe weight. With a single stroke, he slid his cock into me. I rocked underneath him, feet kicking up toward the ceiling. He gasped as he buried himself inside me. I put my hand around the back of his neck and pulled his face toward mine. We kissed, and I tasted myself on his lips. After, he grinned that radiant grin and started pounding me.

Pleasure rolled through me, reeling outward from the point of penetration. Not to overstate

matters, but this Italian lad had a big cock. I gazed up into his face, watching the raw elation play over his fine features. He looked like he didn't quite believe this was happening to him. Maybe I was the first American woman he'd approached. The idea made me giddy. I started to laugh, but the sound turned into a cry of passion as another climax overtook me.

Giovani was really ramming me now. His body undulated, every muscle group bunching and releasing with smooth precision. This was a male in optimal condition, in his sexiest prime. Erotic electricity crackled in a cloud around him. I squirmed beneath him, digging fingers into his broad shoulders, wrapping my legs around his trim waist.

I'd come a little too quickly for him to join me. That was fine. I gave him a grin of my

own and suddenly rolled him onto his back. He made a surprised guffaw as I settled myself comfortably atop his rigid staff, thighs squeezing his sides.

I looked down on him, on his stunning beauty. There was nothing apologetic about this. He wasn't settling for having sex with an older woman. He wanted me. That desire was naked on his face. His dark eyes pleaded, and I started riding him ferociously, taking his sizeable cock deep inside me—even deeper than before—and feeling the pulsing length of him there.

He reached up for my breasts, cupping and squeezing, then tugging hard on my nipples. New pleasures flared in me. I was still raging with desire. I rode him harder, planting a palm in the middle of his chest, giving each

**"I STARTED
RIDING HIM
FEROCIOUSLY,
TAKING HIS
SIZEABLE COCK
DEEP INSIDE ME."**

downward plunge of my hips a little wiggle. His face twisted. He bit his lip. Then he was shouting Italian words again.

I felt like I was soaring above him, a bird, a goddess, filling his sky. This kid thrashing under me was absolutely alive. His limbs flung across the bed. Fingers raked my sheets.

He was shouting now: "Juventas! Juventas!"

I remembered that was the Roman goddess of youth, the statue in the picture he'd showed me. Yes, I was her. She was me. And we both rode that fine Italian stud until a vast, validating climax blazed from my core. At the same time, his cock sent bursts of cream into me. All of it told me what I'd so desperately wanted to hear.

The best parts of youth still belonged to me, and always would. I was fully rejuvenated by my sweet, young lover.





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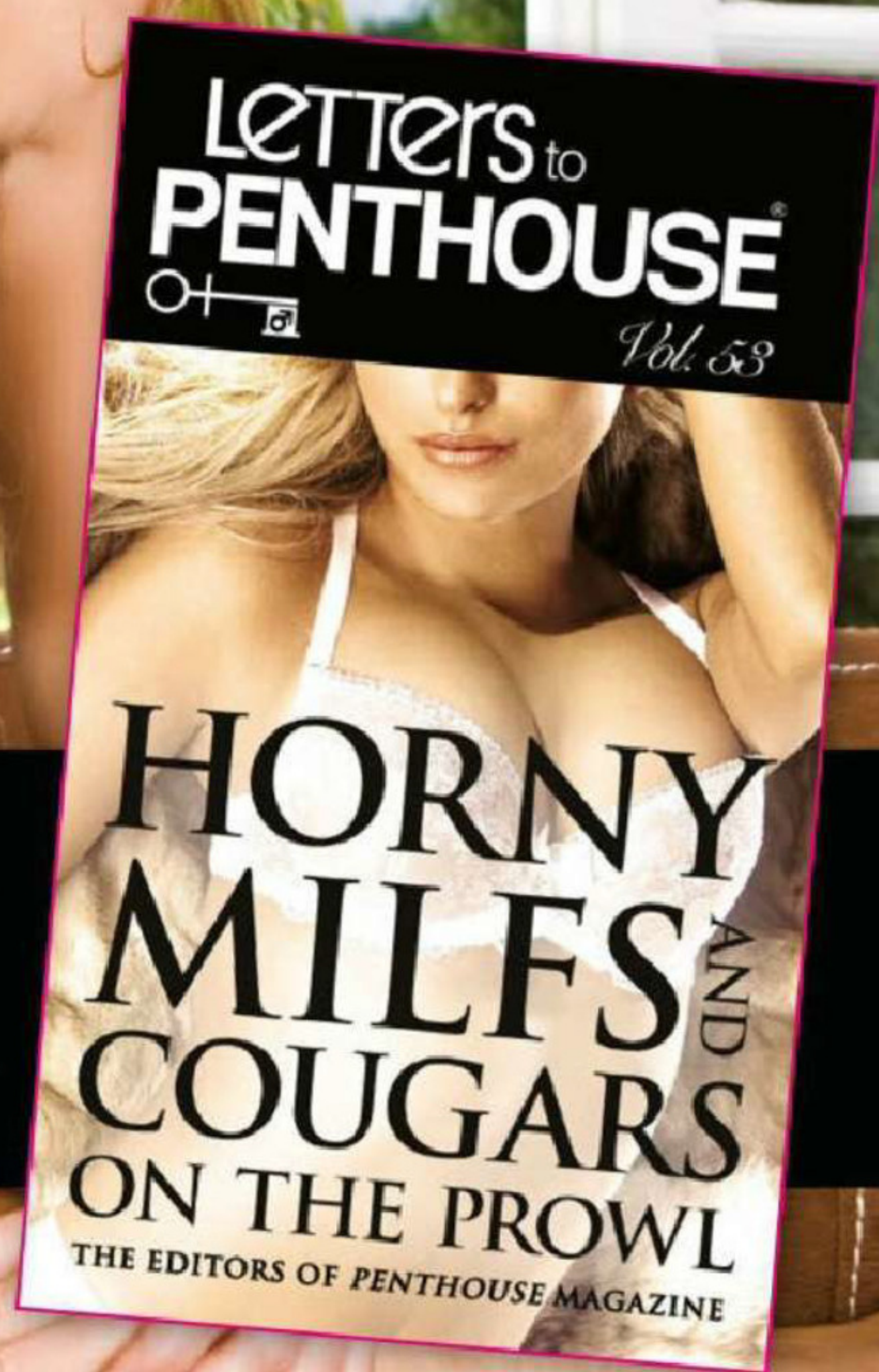






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THE SWING OF LOVE

Finding a new couple to play with was intensely appealing, but these old pros never expected to fall for their new partners in passion.

By Jewel Gomez

We'd been swinging for nearly seven years when something amazing happened. Parrish and I had created the type of lifestyle where we could attend parties, pick up another couple, play with them, and move on. Then this magical thing occurred, something I could not have predicted. Something I never saw coming.

What remarkable thing took place? Simple. We fell in love.

Of course, we were already in love with each other. Madly. I believe only two people who are extremely comfortable with one another, who care about each other's feelings intimately, could maintain the type of fiery lifestyle we share. It takes a special type of love for me to be able to watch Parrish fuck another woman. It takes a certain kind of emotional understanding for Parrish to watch me spread my pussy lips wide open while another man goes down on me. I both understand and respect the bond we have.

But this was different. This was new.

I think we spotted Roger and Danielle at almost the same time. We'd come to the party to play, and we'd been surveying the scene together. That's how we always began. There was no need to rush for us. We would take our time, check out the attendees, and make our decision together. Going slow was always part of the enjoyment for me. I liked taking the time to consider the women and men, how they interacted as a couple—and how I imagined them interacting with me and my man. Sometimes, it took a while for me to develop an attraction to someone. Other times, it was instantaneous.

When I saw Danielle, it was definitely the latter. I felt a powerful jolt throughout my body. I was suddenly hyperaware of her every move, her every gesture. I was utterly captivated by her. She was dressed simply, wearing a strapless gown made of the palest pink fabric—a hue that was the color of clouds at sunset. Most of the other women in the room

were wearing black—myself included. I'm not sure what it is about swingers parties that leads people to choose hipster black attire. But Danielle had definitely not gotten that particular memo. She wore her long, tawny hair up in an elegant French twist, and a dainty choker made of pearls was around her neck. In a word, she was stunning.

In fact, she looked almost too perfect, too sweet, for a party like this. While the evening began with a sense of casual decorum, that vibe did not last long. And by the time I'd spotted Danielle, the evening had already

in her hand. I saw her sweep her head slowly back and forth to take in her surroundings. She looked as if she'd jump a mile if you touched her. I knew I'd have to approach her carefully. I tried to see what she was seeing, tried to imagine the party from a newbie's point of view. In between furtive glances at Danielle, I looked around, myself.

There were couples talking on the sofas, gathered by the buffet table, and moving in and out of the large, open kitchen. The most noticeable were the four lovers fucking by the fireplace, and when Danielle's eyes widened as she watched them, I looked their way, as well.

I stared at them, even tilting my head to figure it all out—oh, yes, the blonde pixie had her mouth on the pussy of a redhead, who in turn was blowing a handsome brunet while the final member of the party seemed to be stroking all the different players at once.

Then there was Danielle, sipping from her punch cup, looking as if she might be about to speak at a ladies' tea but at the same time seeming riveted by the erotic entanglements that were unfolding before her. I glanced to her left and spied her man. They were quite obviously together. He was right at her side, and he seemed to be in both a protective stance and a proud frame of mind. He had a reason to be proud to be with a woman as gorgeous as she was, but he was something to behold, as well. My eyes had been focused on his partner, but now I turned my attention to him, wondering what it would be like to kiss him and if his cock was as handsome as the rest of him.

It was at that moment that Parrish let me know he'd noticed the couple, too. He whispered to me, "You've already picked your prey, haven't you?"

He asked this because when we go to parties, Parrish likes me to make the first move. He lets me survey the crowd and says he can tell in an instant when I've set my sights on my target. Once we're in agreement, he sets me loose. It turns him on to see me on the

**"I SIGHED AS
MY NIPPLES
HARDENED UNDER
HIS TENTATIVE
CARESS."**

taken a turn for the dirty. Off in one corner, two couples were already going at it, hands roaming as each pair kissed wildly. By the fireplace, two other couples overlapped in such a fashion that I could not immediately decipher who was doing what to whom, but all parties seemed infinitely pleased with the direction the evening was headed. Whatever those lovers were up to, the sounds of ecstasy emanating from their little heavenly corner of the party were mesmerizing. Their soft vocalizations were creating a delicious soundtrack to the decadent thoughts that were swirling within my mind.

While all of these carnal machinations were gearing up, Danielle stood with a punch glass



EROTICA

prowl, using my charm, my wiles, to flirt with and seal the deal with a new set of lovers. But I have to say that I had a feeling right then, a feeling already, that this experience was going to be something new, something different. That this night was going to end in a totally different fashion from previous sex parties we'd attended.

While her mate was attractive, I wanted to touch Danielle. That was my first instinct. I wanted to go to her and take the cup from her hands, then put those hands around my waist, so that our bodies were pressed together. I didn't care about the rest of the scene. I didn't have to look for anyone else. I wanted Danielle, and I wanted her man, and I wanted...

"Go on," Parrish urged. "Work your magic, baby."

I took a deep breath, needing courage for some strange reason. At all the other parties, I've been amped up with excitement and anticipation, ready to spring into action

at a moment's notice. Previously, I'd always had the feeling that if one connection didn't take, there would be another one right around the corner—in the next room or on the next bed. Parrish and I have never gone home unsatisfied.

But I felt different now, oddly shy—scared of being shot down, in fact. I wanted this couple like I'd wanted no one else. As I approached them, I recognized the emotions I was feeling. This was the exact way I'd felt when I'd met Parrish for the first time. The butterfly nerves, the jangling in my head. I had seen him at a friend's party—not a swingers party, not then—and I had felt an instant connection. I'd been drawn to him, to his winning smile and cobalt eyes, to the way he seemed to light up the room with his gestures and his baritone laugh. I'd had the worry—the crazy fear—that he might not understand. That he might not realize we were supposed to be together.

Luckily, he had felt the same spark I had. I

hoped that lightning would strike twice, that the couple would feel the same way I did.

At the punch bowl, I stood next to Danielle and forced myself to make the first parry. I said, "I love your necklace. It's so beautiful. Are those freshwater pearls?"

Danielle looked grateful that I was talking to her. From the look she gave me, I realized I'd been correct in my initial assessment—she had dressed like that, she was standing like that, she was flushed like that, because this was her first time. I didn't know this for certain, of course, but I had a solid feeling that she was a newcomer to the lifestyle.

"Yes," she said. "My husband, Roger, gave it to me for my birthday."

Her hand went instinctively to her throat, and she traced the baubles with her fingertips. I took a risk. I brought my own hand to her slender throat, and I followed after her fingers, touching each pearl, letting my hand graze the soft skin beneath, as well. Danielle shivered,



“HE GRIPPED ME AND PUMPED FORWARD. MY BODY ENVELOPED HIM.”

and I kissed her. I didn't even think about it. I pressed my lips to her lips. I tasted the fruity punch and breathed in to sample her delicate perfume.

This wasn't something strange to do at a party like this. Obviously, other couples were getting up to much naughtier antics than a mere peck by the punch bowl. But the kiss felt bold and transgressive, and the gesture turned me on in a way that made me feel as if I were the newbie. Her mouth on mine somehow had made me the innocent. Our tongues tangled for only a second or two, but I felt my heart pounding, my pussy growing wetter.

When we parted, I saw her husband staring at me. His eyes glittered in the dim light. He seemed more than pleased to have witnessed what I guessed was his wife's first girl-girl kiss. He extended his hand, and I shook it, introducing Parrish and myself.

“First-timers?” Parrish asked, having easily summed up the situation himself.

“That obvious?” Roger asked. He looked abashed.

“You're a little overdressed,” I said, “and you're lurking by the punch table. You're either new or watchers—no harm in either case. We can go sit on the sofa and talk if you'd like to go slow.”

“I don't want to go slow,” Danielle said in a shocking outburst of emotion that won a surprised laugh from her husband and a coy grin from me. “I don't,” she said emphatically. To me, she added, “We've talked about doing something like this for more than two years. We're finally here. We're really doing it! I don't want to go slow at all! I want to go fast.”



Parrish took charge then. Since we'd been to parties at this location before, he knew the lay of the land. With his hand on Roger's shoulder, he led us down a hall toward the wing of guest rooms. I knew he was taking us to the largest bedroom at the end. Nobody had made it this far yet, to this portion of the house. The real party was only just starting. Danielle talked to me as we walked.

“I saw you when you came in,” she said, her voice quavering with undeniable excitement. “I was hoping you'd come over.”

“I couldn't help myself,” I said, feeling similarly aroused. “You looked so pretty. So perfect.”

“Well, that's the whole thing,” she said, and I thought I caught a hint of an accent to her voice. A lazy, almost indistinct drawl. I wanted to close my eyes and listen to her speak for hours, hear her tell me all of her fantasies, all of her secrets. “What does one wear to a swinger party?” she continued. “You look perfect.” She indicated the black sheath dress I was wearing. “But I didn't know what was expected. That's what I spent all afternoon trying to figure out. I couldn't call any of my friends for advice. Roger said to wear something kinky, but I don't own anything kinky. At least, I think. I don't even know what that means! Anyway, I chose my favorite dress. I thought that would work out best. But then I got here and I stood out like...”

“A flower,” I said, before she could put herself

down. “You stood out like a rose in a field of wheat.”

We were at the bedroom, and I realized that Roger and Parrish had been talking while we ladies chatted. Once in the room, Roger cleared his throat and said, “We've never done anything like this. I told your husband. But we are totally game. So if you don't mind leading the way...”

“Parrish loves to lead,” I said quickly.

Parrish gave me his trademark smirk. Then he said, “There are many different ways to swing. Some couples like to split up, and then they share what happened with each other afterward. Others make sure they're always in the same room at the same time. Then there are couples who do a little of both—just to keep things interesting.”

“And you?” Danielle asked. “What do you like to do?”

“Everything,” I said. And I kissed her again. I kissed her because this was taking too long. I wanted her naked. I wanted to be between her legs, sucking on her clit. Then I wanted to watch my husband fuck her. While he was fucking her, I wanted her husband to fuck me... merely the thoughts of what we were going to do, how we might play, had gotten me hot all over.

So hot that I pulled the zipper on my black dress and disrobed without any warning.

Roger sucked in his breath. I had the feeling that although he and his wife had

EROTICA

decided they were going to make this fantasy of theirs come true, he hadn't thought it would actually happen until right this second. There I was, standing in my shiny leather boots, sheer stockings and panties, one hand on my hip, waiting for the rest of the team to catch up. I enjoyed the feeling of those eyes on me. I knew my man was pleased I'd taken the leap.

Danielle was next. She managed to surprise me with her moxie. At my lead, she undid her pink pouf of a dress, and then she let the garment fall away. I almost giggled when I saw that she wore a strapless bra-and-panty set that was nearly the same exact pink of her dress. She had really planned the whole event.

Roger looked at me, and I took pity on him and came forward. I helped him out of his clothes, all the way down to his red silk boxers, and then I put his hands on my naked breasts. "It's okay," I said. "You're allowed to touch. You're allowed to lick, to nibble, to even bite gently. That's why we're all here."

Eyes ablaze, Roger did what I said. He stroked my breasts, and I sighed as my nipples hardened under his tentative caress. I still wanted to get between his wife's luscious thighs, but I had no problem playing with Roger first. While he touched me, I did a little touching myself. I cradled his cock through his boxers, and I was delighted to find the length and hefty girth that awaited me. There was a growing wet spot on the front of the fabric. He was leaking pre-come.

"Danielle bought me these," he told me, his voice almost a moan. "Last Valentine's Day. I've never worn them before." He was indicating the boxers, and I thought that he'd chosen his sexiest pair of undershorts for this special night. And now they were growing all sticky. He didn't seem to mind, though. Especially when I pulled his boxers down and went on my knees. I bobbed my head up and down his cock with great interest, happily learning the way his dick felt between my lips,

growing accustomed to the length of him, to the way he tasted.

There was a flavor there, a deliciousness that made me curious. I started to wonder.

A desperate sigh behind me made me release Roger and turn. Parrish had Danielle on the bed. He'd pulled her panties down, and he was about to do the very thing I'd been dreaming of. In a rush, I urged him out of the way, eliciting a surprised gasp from Danielle as I was the one to lick her pouty pussy.

Roger seemed to appreciate my enthusiasm for his wife's split. He took his boxers all the way off and then got next to me on the bed. In a conspiratorial tone he said, "She tastes like nectar. I could eat her for hours."

After my first sip of her, I knew what he meant. I pressed my face to her, and I began to lap up her abundant juices. I also realized what I'd noticed on Roger's dick was the taste of Danielle. That made sense to me. The



couple hadn't been able to wait for the party before engaging in a little erotic play.

"I got so turned on today," she confessed as I worked her. "I made myself come three times while imagining what might happen when we got here."

"You did, huh?" That was Parrish asking, desiring more detail.

"Yeah," she said, sounding excited and embarrassed at the same time. "I was trying on dresses all day long, and when I couldn't come up with the right outfit, I just lay on the bed and touched myself while imagining..."

"What?" Parrish said, and his voice was husky. The two men were on either side of us. I could bet that Danielle's husband was as eager to learn about her fantasies as my man was. "What did you imagine, Danielle?" Parrish asked my pretty new plaything.

"When we've talked about swinging in the past," Danielle whispered, "it's only been this fantasy, a make-believe scenario. But I was thinking of what would happen. Actually making love to another man or woman... or both. The realness of what we were going to do turned me on so much that I..."

"Fucked your husband before you even got here," I said, coming up for air. Both Roger and Danielle looked shocked that I knew. I let them in on my secret right away. "His dick tastes of your pussy," I said, and I resumed my oral onslaught while my husband instructed Roger what to do next.

It was a turn-on to hear the men talk. I listened as Parrish said, "Fuck her while she's licking your wife. Stick your dick in her now. It will make her come. I promise."

He was right. I was already so turned on, but my poor pussy was desperate for attention. Roger got behind me and slid my panties to the side. His dick was wet from my mouth—and even wetter when it met the juices awaiting him. He gripped me around the waist and pumped fiercely forward. My body enveloped him, welcoming him inside. I heard him talk to his wife, and I could guess he was looking into her eyes as he fucked me.

"You're so beautiful," he said to Danielle. "You look so lovely, sweetheart. But you'd look even better with his dick in your mouth." And that's when Danielle turned to take in Parrish's meat. I didn't have to watch to know what was going on right now. Danielle was blowing my husband. I was sucking on Danielle's split. And Roger was buried balls-deep in my own



pussy. I continued to lap at Danielle's aromatic pussy while Roger plowed me. Then suddenly, Danielle came. It was unexpected because I did not know the key to her body yet. I didn't anticipate what would happen. She clenched her thighs tight against me, and she bucked up to meet my tongue. Then she was coming, her whole body shaking, her cries muffled by the thickness of Parrish's cock.

She pulled away from me, unable to take any more stimulation, but she didn't let go of my husband's rod. I watched as she anchored his cock with her fist around the base of his shaft, and she bestowed a beautiful blowjob upon him.

Roger witnessed the whole thing, and when Danielle moved aside and said, "Parrish, I want you to come all over me—come on my tits and on my face," both men went off like rockets. I felt Roger shooting inside me as I witnessed Parrish climaxing all over Danielle.

I was the last holdout. The last hurrah. Danielle, new to this world, but clearly not new to the concept of pleasure, reached one hand under my body and used the tip of her pointer to stroke my clit. That sweet, satiny touch sent me into my own personal stratosphere. I cried out my bliss and then settled down on the bed, feeling Roger pulling out of me, sensing the heat and desire in the ambiance of the room.

We'd finished round one. That was all.

**"I WANT YOU TO
COME ALL OVER
ME—COME ON
MY TITS AND ON
MY FACE."**

There were so many more ways we could connect. So many different positions to try. Danielle wiped her face and said, "This was what I wanted. This was my ultimate fantasy."

Parrish kissed her gently on one cheek. Roger kissed her other.

"What do you mean?" I asked, curled up by her toes, ready for more—ready for a whole lifetime of more.

"I wanted to play," she said. "I wanted to find another couple who would want to fuck us. But I wanted it to be just like this." She moved then, so she could kiss me—really kiss me—and then she said what I was feeling, "Love at first swing."



LETTERS

↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

ON DISPLAY

It was a very simple profile. The screen name was WeLike2Watch, and the photo was the torso of a man in a dark blue suit with a maroon tie. No face. No name listed on the profile beyond WL2W. The "About Me" section read:

"Polite gentleman, dresses neatly, well off, with close friends of same caliber who are all interested in the same thing. We don't touch. We just look. Interested? Message me."

Online dating hadn't been treating me too well. I'd met a guy whose wife had been legit crazy, according to him. He came on strong and then—poof!—ghosted off into the ether never to be heard from again. The next guy had been a commitment-phobe who'd also, you guessed it, been married to a "crazy woman." Poor thing. I'd never known how many legitimately crazy women existed until I'd started dating their exes.

Currently on hiatus and more than a little disgruntled about my experience so far, that profile sent a shiver up my spine. So, I wouldn't meet a soul mate. But who knew if they even really existed? And I wouldn't get into a long, tied up, dramatic affair. I'd go and be...watched?

I typed out a message with thumbs that were a bit unsteady. "What do you like to watch?" I hit send and ordered a glass of wine to finish off my lunch, I figured: *what the fuck*. And waited to see how long it would take him to respond—if ever.

I'd just set my phone down to pay my check when it burbled that I'd gotten a message. My heart kicked in my chest, and I practically thrust my credit card at the waiter. When he left, I opened my app to the message:

"We like to watch beautiful women, such as yourself, get off. Whatever and however they want. We simply don't engage. Do you think you'd be game? We'd love to see you."

I laughed outright at the "see you." Normally,

that would be a way of saying "I'd love to meet you" or "I'd love to take you out" but Mr. Suit was being literal. They'd love to see me. To watch me. Watch me get off while they stood there staring.

I'd have thought I'd find that weird or creepy, but I found the idea oddly thrilling. No strings, no muss, no fuss. Just an experience that would be fodder for lonely night masturbation, forever and a day. And if that was a real picture of Mr. Suit, I couldn't think of someone I'd rather have watch me. I couldn't see his face. Just a thick neck, a square jaw, and a hint of a curl of very dark hair above his dress shirt, but I liked what I saw.

I fired back: "How do I know this isn't some serial killer move?"

Then I snorted at my own caustic humor. You can never be too careful, but actually, I thought sometimes you could be.

My phone chimed again, and I grinned like an idiot.

"We only gather in hotels. You are free to tell anyone or everyone there who you are and what room you're in. Your own discretion. It gives the ladies a little more security to know they're surrounded by occupied rooms and not at some mystery location. So, what do you say? Game for some group admiration?"

I didn't let myself think too much. I simply answered: "Yes. Send me the details."

When I got home it was all set up for Friday at seven at The Charles Hotel. A very swanky place, if I do say so myself. I climbed in the shower, doused myself in hot water, pressed my forehead to the cold tile and stroked myself to climax with wet fingers. But once wasn't enough with all this craziness swirling through my head, so I plunged two fingers into my cunt, working my G-spot and fucking myself until I was at that sweet spot that meant the very verge of orgasm. Once there, I went back to stroking my clit until a second, much stronger, orgasm rocked me. My loud cries echoed throughout the tiled room.

My legs were shaky, my fingers were prune, and I'd never felt more exhilarated in my life.

Friday couldn't come fast enough. And apparently, neither could I.

The hotel was nice, much nicer than I'd ever have anticipated. This was the kind of place where people flashed platinum, diamond, and black cards. Me, I had a regular old Visa with a bird on it. This was a different world.



I gave the man at the counter my name, and he smiled a coy smile before handing me a key card with the hotel's signature "C" on the front. "Elevators are to your left, up two floors, down the hall to your right."

"Thank you." I felt heat in my cheeks because that smile he'd been unable to stifle said he'd probably dealt with these men before. Maybe even knew their voyeuristic habits. And every voyeur—or group of them—needed an exhibitionist.

The walk to the elevator seemed long, but that was because inside the small, black lace panties I wore, my pussy was already wet and swollen. Every stride jarred my sex and sent a resounding wave of near-pleasure through my center.

I blew out a long, slow breath to steady my nerves and pushed the button for the second floor. I was alone on the elevator, and it ascended slowly. I pressed my hand to my groin, grinding the heel of my hand to my pussy, putting pressure on my clit through my dress and panties.

"Jesus. At least wait until you get there," I muttered to myself. I followed with a shaky laugh that sounded only slightly insane.

When the elevator stopped at floor two, I used the mirrored wall to check my hair, and then realizing I couldn't stall any longer, I stepped off. I wasn't scared, I realized. I was thrilled. More thrilled than I could remember being.

I walked slowly toward the room, willing my legs to stop trembling. But they didn't, so I soldiered on. Truth be told, I wanted to be seen as much as they wanted to see. I did feel a rush of relief to see a man swiping his card to the neighboring room. He tossed me a wave, and I returned it.

I knocked on the door, and my hand felt a million miles away. The door opened to reveal a tall, broad man in a suit. The suit. This was no doubt Mr. Suit, and when he smiled at me, the gesture broke his ruggedly handsome face into a boyish expression. He held out a hand and I took it, noting I'd been right about the darkness of his hair.

"Glad you came," he said.

He grinned when I let out an involuntary laugh at his double entendre.

"Well, not yet," I said. "But hopefully soon."

I checked out his company. Four other men. Most tall, but one short and stocky. All dressed well in suits and ties. Expensive watches



"I WANTED TO BURY MY FINGERS IN MY CUNT AND RUB MY CLIT."

flashed at five wrists. And as I assessed them, I was met with attentive, polite smiles.

"I'm A," Mr. Suit said. "This is D, X, F, and J."

Immediately, to calm myself, my mind tried to guess. Alex, Don, Xavier, Frank, and John? I ran through multiple names while secretly wondering if they'd all just chosen random letters.

"Nice to meet you," I said. I felt like laughing but managed not to.

"The show is yours," Mr. Suit said, gesturing at the room with two broad, strong-looking hands. They swept through the air. "Wherever you want. However you want. We just watch."

I had expected some kind of instruction, so that threw me, but I decided to roll with it. I recalled an image I'd seen once that had intrigued me and turned me on enough to make me masturbate. I put my purse down on a chair and met each of their gazes in turn as I untied my wrap dress. I peeled it back slowly,

liking the feel of ten eyes turned to me in rapt attention.

The stocky guy was getting a little red in the face, and the tallest one, X by name, shifted from one foot to the other. That quickened my pulse, and I felt the throb of my heart in my cunt.

I shrugged the dress off and let it fall, then I unhooked my black lace bra and tossed it randomly. The one who went by F caught it deftly. He smiled at me, his face a bit thuggish but handsome nonetheless. I pushed past Mr. Suit and crawled into the middle of the bed. The white down comforter was lush and no doubt extremely expensive.

My hair fanned out around my head, and I liked the image of it in my mind. I trailed my fingertips over my nipples so that they stood up in hard, pink peaks of pebbled flesh. They moved close to ring the bed. Two on the left side, two on the right, and one at the foot of the bed, standing so close their knees nearly touched the edge of the mattress.

I was so wet I could feel the press of the cool air of the room to my pussy. I wanted to bury my fingers in my cunt and rub my clit and get to it immediately, but the lead up was as intoxicating as the idea of getting right to it was.

I took my time stroking my belly, my hipbones, and the tops of my thighs. I held my breath occasionally to hear the intake of breath from one, the soft exhalation from another. The moment was heightened by the fact that they all stood there, very formal, with their hands crossed in front of them as if hiding their groins from me.

Finally, I drove myself mad with teasing.

LETTERS

↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

**“I MOVED LIKE
A DESPERATE
WAVE, FUCKING
MYSELF WITH
MY FINGERS.”**

I parted my thighs, letting them fall open wantonly, and traced my outer lips with a fingertip. I spread myself wide for them to see, and then with the other hand began to stroke myself.

There was a sigh from the foot of the bed, and I wished he'd move his hands from in front of his crotch. I wanted to see the effect I had on the men as they stood there, silent guards, watching me.

I raised my hips so they could hopefully see the shiny wetness at my clit. I felt drenched. A river writhing on a bed for strangers to observe.

I rubbed my clit a little faster, reaching up to pinch my nipple between my fingertips. Not even questioning any longer that I was doing this, I simply did it. Let my body take over and ate up their eager attention.

I put my finger—drenched in my own juices—to my mouth and sucked it. One of the men moaned.

Then I returned to stroking. Light flicks of my fingertip, hard rubs, a pinch here, a lazy whorl there. Mr. Suit's hand twitched for a second, and I recognized it for what it was. A brief, subtle nudge to his hard cock. I came, tossing my head and crying out. Way more wanton than I ever imagined myself being.

They seemed to withdraw a bit, but I shook my head and they crowded in closer. I wasn't done, the show wasn't over.

I rolled to my belly, one hand trapped beneath me, the other gripping the headboard. I raised my hips and spread my thighs, angling for a better view. The gentlemen by the sides of the bed migrated to the foot forming a “U.” I pushed three fingers into my cunt and



ground my clit against my hand. I moved like a desperate wave, fucking myself with my fingers, all the while listening intently for the exhalations, sharp intakes of air, mumbles and groans of my audience.

I humped my hand, putting rough pressure on my clit, while moving my fingers restlessly against my G-spot. I dragged the moment out as long as I could, focusing on not coming but feeling their gazes on my back like warm summer sun until I couldn't hold on anymore. The second orgasm hit me, and I groaned into the plump pillows. Before any of them could move, I rolled to my back and pushed my fingers inside my pussy once more.

I could hear my own wetness with every thrust. I gazed up at ten avaricious eyes watching me. It was a rush like no other. I slid my fingers deep but gentle to let my body recover. When the over-sensitivity passed, I started driving my digits deep into my pussy, using harder motions. My free hand strayed to my clit, giving it little flicks and gentle strokes.

I would have paid a million dollars for any one of them to touch me, but that wasn't why we were here. And it was entirely possible the want of it was better than the reality would have been.

I went for one more climax and managed to give it to them—thanks to the all-eyes-on-me scenario. I bucked my hips to plunge

my fingers deeper and rub my tender clit mercilessly. This time three of them did the subtle hand thing. Surreptitiously stroking their cocks for a second, no doubt.

That was all I needed. I came once more with a soft sigh. My body felt utterly boneless, heavy beyond belief. The same way you feel after a long bout with a high fever, only way more pleasant.

I stayed there sprawled on the bed, more than a little stunned. Mr. Suit put a hand out and I took it, sitting up slowly. He knelt before me, smiling. “The room is paid for through the night. There's champagne in a bucket over there and room service has been instructed to bring you anything you want should you stay. On us.”

I nodded. Well, that was an unexpected perk to putting myself on display and getting myself off.

“Is there any way”—the one named F was speaking, looking both bold and shy all at once—“we could call on you again?”

I pretended to think about it. I had to say the whole exhibitionism thing had worked wonders for me. “Can I bring toys next time?”

“It's your show,” he said with a small half smile.

I nodded. “Sure. You like to watch and apparently...I like to be watched.”

—D.A., New York, New York

PEEP SHOW

“I think you have an admirer,” Mike said.

I brushed sweaty bangs back from my forehead and looked at him. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“Wow, someone’s snippy.”

I snorted. “Of course, I am. It’s as hot as balls, the AC is still in the moving van, and this damn venetian blind will not behave.” I banged on it just so he knew.

“Yeah, but you’re standing in a large window, in a sweaty white tank top, no bra, tiny shorts, jiggling your arms around over your head.”

I put my arms down and glared at him. “I’m still lost.”

“I’m not going to point, because that would be stupid, but if you glance down into the neighbor’s backyard, you’ll see him.”

I did what he said and did, in fact, see the guy. He was sitting in a green lawn chair, drinking a beer, staring. I hadn’t turned my head, just altered my gaze, so he didn’t know I was looking right back at him.

“Which is why I want blinds in our bedroom. We look down on their low-lying property and they can look up at us.”

“He’s the only neighbor for half a mile.”

“And your point?” I blew my bangs out of my face and tried to figure out what he was getting at.

“We could have some fun is all I’m saying,” he said against my neck. Then he dropped a kiss in the same spot and a shiver trailed down my spine.

“How’s that?” But I was playing coy. I was starting to get the picture.

He pressed his body flush against my back. The hard length of his cock nestled in my ass crack and I sighed, my gaze still slyly on our watcher. Mike rubbed against me and reached around to cup my breasts with his big dirty hands. No doubt I’d have two palm prints made in dust and dirt on my tank. The house we were moving into had been less than pristine.

I let my head tip back against his shoulder, baring my neck for him to kiss. Mike took the hint and kissed the side of my throat before dragging his teeth down to my shoulder. I moaned, and he squeezed my breasts through my filthy shirt. His hands moved lower and then tugged my tee up so that my breasts

were bared. In full view of our watcher below. His hands moved over the side swells, teasing me into another shiver, before finally moving so that he could pinch my nipples between his strong fingers.

I arched back, my ass bumping his hard cock. I was into it now. I wasn’t so much worried about whether our neighbor was watching as hoping he was. I glanced down and there he sat, looking up, face intent, one hand resting on his lap but not moving.

“I hope he jerks off while he watches us,” I said without thinking.

Mike froze and then growled, the rough sound raking across my ear before he bent just enough to shove my shorts down past my knees. They hovered there for a minute before losing their hold and dropping to pool at my ankles.

He held me stable as he dropped to his knees and moved himself in front of me. Our bedroom windows were huge. The tops were well above my head, the wide sills sat almost as low as my knees. I’d toyed with the idea of making them into reading nooks by installing padded benches for sunny days to be spent

with a book. Now I saw another perk to their size. Fucking on the window benches, on full display, would actually be more tempting than reading.

Mike, still caught in the rush from my words, murmured against my thigh, “Let’s see if he will.”

He pulled my panties down and used his forearm to knock my stance a little wider. His being rough and obviously turned on was making this so much better. I was already aroused when his tongue touched me. But the wetness and warmth of his tongue caused another rush of juices to issue from my cunt. His hands held my thighs as he ate me. My head was still tilted back, but my gaze had drifted to our neighbor down below.

He wasn’t jerking off. He was, however, rubbing his crotch with the flat of his palm. I positioned my hips to give Mike better access, and he took it, painting my clitoris with his tongue, arching it to slide into my slippery slit. His fingers dug into the meat of my thighs, and he sucked my clit hard. “Pinch your nipples,” he murmured against my wet slit. “Tug them. Let him see you touching yourself.”



LETTERS

▷ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

I moaned and followed his instructions as he continued to lap at me, sucking my clit and nudging it with the rigid tip of his tongue. I pinched my nipples, drawing them out from my body until they stung and throbbed. I hissed and my hips shot forward. Mike clamped his mouth to my sex, exhaling heat and humidity. And then went back to soft flicks. I pinched my nipples again, so hard they ached. I came, my head thrown back, a cry breaking free of me. I wondered if our watcher could hear. I had no idea, but I liked to imagine he could.

Mike stood and wiped his lips across the back of his hand, a gesture that never failed to fell me. Then he kissed me, hard and rough. "Press your tits to the window," he growled into my ear. "Press your body as close to the glass as you can."

I was grateful that I'd already cleaned the windows. It wouldn't have really mattered; I was sweaty and grimy and my tank was still rucked up beneath my throat. I pressed my body to the glass, forgetting momentarily that I'd give my right arm to have the AC in the side window pumping in cool air. It was hot and sticky and humid, and that made the whole thing somehow dirtier, which made it more titillating.

Mike tugged off his shorts and his boxer briefs. He stood to my side, watching me, and

stroked his cock. "Is he watching?" he asked, conversationally.

I let my eyes drift down without moving my head in the hopes that I wouldn't appear as if I were watching our neighbor as he watched us.

"He is," I whispered, my breath fogging the glass. "And his cock is out. He's holding it."

Another gruff sound erupted from my husband, and he gave himself a few more strokes before moving in close behind me. He kneed my legs a bit wider apart, so they were positioned to his liking. He grabbed my hips roughly and angled me forward, then he took his damn sweet time running his cockhead along my wetness. He traversed up to my clit and grazed it briefly before sweeping past my aching pussy to nudge my ass. I gasped and hung my head, but through my hair I watched our neighbor as he finally, thankfully, began to jerk off.

"He's doing it," I said, roughly. "He's jerking off."

Mike grunted and plunged into me so fast and so deep I ended up standing on my tippy toes. My body smashed to the thick glass, my ass angled up so he could fuck me. He held my hips and rammed me harder, looking over my shoulder. We were both watching our watcher get himself off as Mike fucked me, and I felt lightheaded from the oddly addictive

intensity of the encounter.

"Rub your clit," he said.

I didn't question him; I just did it. I rubbed my clit as his cock pumped in and out of me. I came fast and hard with only a few strokes. My cries bounced off the glass and flew back to my ears.

"Keep going," he said, fucking me harder. "I want him to come before me."

I shook my head, smiling. This was the last thing I'd expected while trying to wrestle with the broken blind. I began to rub again, mouth practically kissing the glass as I did. Every thrust pushed me against the panes. I watched the man, so small from our perspective, stroke his cock. I wanted to come again, but not just yet.

I took my free hand and pressed it to the glass to balance myself. Mike took my long hair and wrapped it around his fist. He held it like a lead as his tempo grew more desperate. He was barely holding on. After all these years, I could tell.

"Jesus Christ," he said.

But the man below in his little lawn chair was thrusting his hips up into his own fist as he jerked off. If I could read body language, and I thought I could, I'd say that he was barely holding on himself.

"Spank my ass," I said, relishing the whole being on display thing.

Mike released my hair and started to strike me. Each crack sounded like a breaking stick in our bedroom. Pain and pleasure swirled together and flooded my system. I arched back into his striking palm even as instinct dictated I move away.

The added stimulation and heat didn't help me hold on. I had to grit my teeth to keep from coming. Finally, the man looked toward the sky, and I could tell that had done it.

"He came, he came..." I was chanting as Mike fucked me.

I rubbed my clit faster, harder, trying to wait for my husband to come with me.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck..." Now he was the one chanting. Then: "Come with me, baby."

He slammed into me and groaned, and I let myself go. The orgasm rolled over me, and my body shook with the force of it. I glanced down to see the neighbor had stayed for the finale. He sat there, slumped in his chair, still watching us.

Mike pulled out at the last second, and I felt the baptism of his hot come on my ass



**“SHE LICKED HER
FINGERS AND
SWIRLED THEM
AROUND HER
NIPPLES.”**



and upper thighs. We were both panting and sweating. The already too-warm room felt stifling. He rested his head against my back for a moment and then kissed me right between the shoulder blades.

“How’s that for making a house a home?” He laughed and smacked my ass once more just for fun.

“I’d say it’s kind of epic in that particular category. You know what would make it even better?”

“Whips? Bondage? A threesome in the window?”

“I was thinking more: you go get the AC unit for this room before I turn into a puddle.”

He pinched my nipple, and I hissed. “Your wish is my command.”

I spared one more glance down into the neighbor’s yard, and he was gone. I had a feeling we’d be seeing him again.

—L.C., Concord, New Hampshire

■ LAST CALL

Neon. I was drawn to it, especially at night. I went down to the cluster of dive bars by my apartment because I liked to walk amongst the beckoning signs. A beer in the corner bar bathed in a predominantly blue glow. Another beer at the next bar in line; this one drenched in red. The bar on the far corner of the block had a lot of green. I usually drank my final beer there, listening to TVs blare sports and patrons drunkenly cheer for others playing darts.

It was on my way home the night I saw her.

The girl in the window of a bar that was closed due to renovations. They kept their neon lights on, even during the construction, though. I figured it was to remind the locals that they were still there and would be back soon.

I only saw her because she was a flash of pale in the front window, obviously shifting things around inside. It was a warm night, and I guess from all the lifting and moving, she’d stripped down to short cutoffs and a thin, flowy blouse. When she moved toward the window, she bent over to drag a box. I caught sight of her perfect round ass and the plump line of her labia outlined by super-tight denim.

She stood and turned, maybe feeling my gaze, and caught me looking.

I lifted a hand in greeting, and she gave me a half smile. It wasn’t until my fingers strayed to my crotch that I realized I had a hard-on. But somehow in a single glance she seemed to have figured that out.

People passed me by. Street traffic was light, but no one seemed to wonder why I was practically slaving against the glass window of a closed bar.

She brushed her hair out of her face and smiled a bit broader. Then she held up a finger as if to say “wait.” I wondered what for. Why was I waiting? Would she be letting me in?

No, that wasn’t it. She took a few steps back into darker shadows only shot with my beloved neon. My guess was it was to ensure that the only person who could truly see her was me, not the uninterested sidewalk strollers.

I pressed a hand flat to the glass, wondering what she was doing. Hoping I was right at reading her cues. Turned out I was.

She flipped the little summer top up and then pulled it over her head. Her breasts were small and pert, darker at the tips. She licked her fingers and swirled them around the dark halos of her nipples.

I made a small sound, my breath painting a frosted circle on the glass.

She was lit with green and red and blue. This bar had a huge number of signs. She looked like a girl dipped in the glow of Christmas tree lights.

Her swirls on her nipples turned to tugs. She pinched and pulled and tweaked her nubs so that I had to force myself to remember not to hump the glass. That might draw attention.

A laugh burst out of me at the thought, and I clenched my fists because the only thing I truly wanted to do in the world was to take my cock out and start stroking it.

Instead, I watched her do a little shimmy-shake for my benefit. My own private stripper. She turned in a circle, stroking her skin, shaking her ass, and running her hands along her hips and the round cheeks of her butt.

I held my breath, praying that the shorts would be next. She’d had nothing on beneath the blouse. Was that the case with the cutoffs too?

She turned to face me again, tossing me a little wave. My fortune was amazing, but I thought maybe, just maybe, I’d given her a break from a boring, hot evening of work. She seemed to be thrilled to have an audience of one, and even more thrilled to be doing something beyond lugging boxes around the darkened bar.

She toyed with the button on her shorts, and I muttered, “Please, please, please...”

LETTERS

↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

**“SHE DROVE
TWO FINGERS
INTO HER PUSSY
AND RAISED
HER HIPS.”**

She tossed her head back with a silent laugh. She could either read my lips or guess my plea. I had no idea. And I didn't care.

She popped the button and then drew down the zipper. She took her time; she knew she had me hooked. When the zipper parted, she hooked her thumbs in the waistband and slid her shorts down. I wasn't disappointed, even though she had panties on. How could I be disappointed when they were a vibrant yellow and a teeny thong, to boot?

She turned another circle for me, shaking her ass and running her fingers beneath the waistband and the strip that bisected her ass cheeks. She toyed with the fabric when she turned to face me. Then she tugged the waistband, pulling the thong high on her hips and forcing the bit cradling her pussy to outline her puffy lips.

I groaned and caught myself when a passing man gave me a fleeting glance. “Be quiet,” I told myself, turning my attention back to the girl.

She went on with her number once my gaze returned to her. She slowly pushed the panties down so that she bared her cunt inch by inch. A small line of hair was all she sported, and I wondered what it would be like to run my tongue up that little patch of course fuzz.

She finally kicked the panties off and wiggled for me.

“Dear God,” I mumbled and was startled to hear myself speak.

She pulled out a high barstool and dragged it a bit closer to the window than where she'd been standing. I could only assume she wanted me to have a better view.

She perched on top and spread her



thighs wide. I could see some of her wetness glistening on her pussy lips in the neon light. She was painted in various colors, but I imagined her cunt to be red, ripe and drenched. My fingers twitched against my cock again, so I shoved my hands into my pockets to keep myself from doing anything stupid.

She didn't go right for her clit as I'd expected. She drove two fingers into her pussy and raised her hips to meet her thrusting digits. She let her head fall back a little, and then I could see her rubbing her clit with her thumb as she fucked herself with her long, pale digits. I took a step closer to the window, and the toe of my shoe hit the wall. I was as close as I could get. It was maddening and wonderful all at the same time.

She fucked herself that way for what seemed like a blink and an eternity simultaneously. When she came I could barely hear her through the glass. It was more the ghost of a cry than an actual exclamation. I took a step back, but she held up that enticing “wait a moment” finger and I didn't budge.

She licked the fingers that had been buried in her pussy and then turned her back to me. Leaning against the high stool, she spread her thighs wide and started to rub her clit. I could see the motion of her arm and the roll of her hips as she got into it. I could see between her thighs, the wet folds of her pussy, but not her actually stroking herself.

She wagged her ass and rewarded my patience by thrusting her fingers back into her

cunt, humping her hand and grinding quite obviously. I could see those fingers driving deep into her slick, pink heat, and I had to suck in a breath because I had gone lightheaded.

From that angle, I could see every slick plunge and the way her thighs had started to tremble. She was going to climax again soon, and what I wanted most in the world was to whip out my dick and come with her. But I was too smart to get arrested, so I simply watched, storing every detail in my mind until I could get home.

This time when her orgasm hit, I could tell by the way her shoulders sagged and she folded forward over the barstool. She turned to look at me over her shoulder and blew me a kiss.

Just then a guy coming up the sidewalk called, “Hey, buddy. You know that bar's closed right?”

“I know,” I mumbled, turning back to her. But she wasn't there. The stool still stood out from the bar but the girl and her clothes were gone.

I sighed and then hurried the few blocks to my apartment. I had a vivid movie of her playing in my head and some hard, urgent business to take care of.

—M.D., Virginia Beach, Virginia

Seeing is believing. When you spy the encounter you've been looking for, let us know about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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LETTERS

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE



VA-VA-VOOM ROOM

Shortly after our wedding, I confused my wife by encouraging her to have sex with other men. I honestly didn't know why I was doing it. Some instinct had me pointing out guys to her at parties or on the street. I would make sly suggestive comments. Whenever she found another man attractive, it sent a boner-making thrill through me.

I didn't understand it. After all, I loved Sandy with all my heart, and the sex we had was off-the-charts great. But some inexplicable impulse had me wanting to see her get fucked by strange guys.

One time at a social occasion, I quietly asked her if she thought a particular dark-haired man was hot. Sandy pulled me outside and said sharply, "What's with you, Trav? I have never had a guy point out other guys to me! And just for the record, I do think that dude's hot. Super-hot."

"Do you want to fuck him?" I was shocked to hear myself ask.

Sandy looked stunned, too. But she answered truthfully. "I do. I want his cock inside me. But I'm married to you!"

Her saying she wanted to fuck that guy made my heart soar and my cock go rock-hard. I said, "You can fuck him if I can watch. Deal?"

We sealed that deal the same night. It took some awkward negotiating, but the dark-haired guy—Daniel—came to our place. He and Sandy fucked on our bed while I stood in the hall, watching through the cracked door. It was incredibly exciting. Seeing Sandy writhe on top of Daniel's cock and watching her ass bounce as he plowed her doggy-style got me so worked up I shot off without touching myself. Sandy said she came like crazy knowing I was watching them.

That night we discovered our true natures. And it's been a perfect marriage ever since.

One of the best times we had was when I was working at a porno theater. The place

was nicknamed the Va-Va-Voom Room, and I ran the projector. It was kind of a retro thing, showing skin flicks to an actual live audience, but apparently the 30-seat theater turned a nice profit.

Sandy had a bartending job. One night, there was a gas leak in the building next to the bar and the whole block got evacuated. Sandy phoned and said she was coming by the theater.

"I'm stuck up in the projection booth," I told her. "I won't be able to see you."

She laughed naughtily. "Oh, you'll see me!"

I was trembling with anticipation as I played reels of fuck footage for the usual crowd of solitary men below my booth. It was hot up there, with the projector going. Sweat stuck my T-shirt to my back.

On the screen two porn-tastic women were making a big-dicked guy's dreams come true. There wasn't any flagrant jerking off going on in the audience. The men were pretty subtle about it. I counted 17 males in attendance.

Then a new person came up the aisle, and suddenly, it was 17 men—and one woman. Sandy!

She had dressed for tips at the bar with a black top that emphasized her perky tits and jeans that hugged her scrumptious ass. She sashayed along, slinky and predatory, and halted in the middle of the aisle. Women came to the shows sometimes, but always with dates.

Sandy looked around in the flickering dimness and grinned broadly. She slung her purse onto an empty seat and put her hands on her hips. Her eyes flicked up at the little window where I was eagerly watching.

Meanwhile, every other set of eyes—formerly watching the sex on the screen—were now fastened on my wife. Those eyes must have popped out of their skulls as Sandy, still grinning, ran her hands up her shapely body. As she sensuously closed them over her tits, she let out a sultry moan that rivaled those playing on the movie's soundtrack.

My cock throbbed in my pants. I blinked sweat out of my eyes. My heart beat at a crazy speed.

Sandy kneaded her breasts for a long sensual moment. Her hard nipples stood out boldly against the snug top. Then she slipped her fingers under the shirt and drew it up her taut body, baring gym-toned abs. Even up where I was, I heard the crowd's collective

“ALL EYES WERE ON THOSE TROPHY-WORTHY TITS.”

indrawn breath of excitement as her tits came into view. These guys couldn't fucking believe what they were seeing!

She tossed aside the top. Sandy has unruly blonde hair, and it had come out of its tie when she'd removed her shirt. It spilled around her shoulders and framed her lovely face, but all eyes were on those trophy-worthy tits, tanned mounds topped with luscious pink nips.

Right then I could hardly believe I was the man who was married to this woman, who had the privilege of making love to that body over and over. But at the moment I wasn't thinking about fucking Sandy. I was thinking about somebody else fucking her. Somebodies, in fact—a thing I'd never watched her do before.

Down in the aisle she was pinching her nipples and giving out more moans that sounded like growls. The men in the seats were sitting stock-still. I could only see the backs of their heads, but I imagined their stunned expressions and excited flushes.

The dazzling grin hadn't left Sandy's face. She unbuttoned her ass-hugging jeans and started to bump-and-grind them off her hips. Her trimmed blonde pubes came into view. As soon as that happened, one man stood up.

Sandy surveyed him up and down. I could see he was one of the Va-Va-Voom Room's regulars, a handsome guy in his 30s. He was tall and well-muscled. When Sandy gave him a nod, he took off his jacket. She shimmied the jeans down her toned legs and stepped out of them.

The man removed his shirt as he approached her. Sandy reached out and grabbed him by the belt buckle, pulling him closer. She hooked her other arm around

his neck and drew him down into an open-mouthed kiss.

She worked his fly as they Frenched. I watched her bring his hard cock into view. He shivered visibly as she handled him expertly, sliding her hand up and down his shaft. He squeezed her tits and put his other hand on her lush ass.

Up on the screen, forgotten, the movie had shifted to different performers. Now two horse-hung men were filling a cute redhead from both ends. But that surely seemed pale drama to this audience, who had the live thing right in front of them.

The tall man was fingering Sandy from behind. She was grinding back onto those digits, taking them deep into her pussy. With furious jerks she worked his cock.

After a minute of that, it was time for the real deal. I watched, my whole body tingling, as Sandy directed the man to lie down on the carpeted aisle. His cock stood straight up, which appeared to suit Sandy just fine as she straddled him and lowered herself onto the straining shaft. I saw that meat disappear up inside her, and it was like a switch being thrown in my brain. My already hard cock surged into a state of absolute rigidity.

Suddenly I had to get out of my clothes. I flung them into various corners of the projection booth, then returned to my spy window to watch my beautiful wife ride another man's cock in front of an audience of strangers.

She'd planted her feet and was lifting and dropping on that shaft. The muscles of her legs flexed. Her hair swayed as her head swung from side to side. An expression of frantic lust contorted her face. The man reached up to maul her bouncing tits.

The other men in the theater all sat scattered throughout the seats. As Sandy impaled herself over and over on her new lover, the rest of the crowd stood and moved closer. I saw them gazing rapturously at my wife.

Sandy worked herself harder and faster on the man. I recognized all the signs of her approaching climax. My cock pulsed in sympathy. I knew how good it felt when she clenched down during climax.

She put back her head and let out a shriek that drowned the movie's artificial crows of excitement. The man underneath her bucked and writhed, and I knew he was jetting up into her sweet pussy, filling her with cream.



LETTERS

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

I thought for a moment there that the eager onlookers were going to applaud. But as Sandy stood, staggering slightly, I saw her looking the other men over. Some were too shy to meet her gaze. They were plainly just there to watch, like me. A few bolder ones stared back at her, grinning.

Sandy stretched her tawny naked body, then turned and bent over one of the seats. She gripped the armrest and thrust up her succulently molded ass. Turning her head, she picked out a guy from the crowd. He had a fringe of beard. He stepped forward, fumbling at his clothes.

When he had stripped, he moved in behind Sandy. His cock was fully hard. As he spread Sandy's ass cheeks and started working himself into her pussy from behind, I reached down and took my own meat in hand. I was as stiff as oak, throbbing with urgent need. As the bearded man began to stroke into Sandy, I slowly jerked myself.

Even though she knew I was up here watching, I could enjoy the illusion that I was secretly spying on her. That was part of the whole delicious thrill of this. It felt forbidden. Though Sandy and I had made many

arrangements with men to participate in our particular brand of kink, I had never confided to any of my friends about the sex life she and I loved so desperately.

I savored it now, though, gazing down as the bearded guy fucked her from behind. He was stroking hard into her. I saw the ripple of her flesh with every lovely impact. She bucked back against him. Her head whipped back and forth, and her mouth opened in a howl of pleasure.

Some of the other men were overcoming their shyness, apparently. Several had taken out their dicks, probably unable to help themselves. They jerked themselves, glassy-eyed and breathless. I pumped my cock as well. Sweat streamed down my body, flowing in rivulets over my muscled torso, along my strong limbs.

The bearded fucker kept up a heavy steady rhythm. He grinned, obviously enjoying being on display as much as he was liking the wet grip of my wife's pussy on his cock. Sandy's backbone went suddenly stiff, and I watched another orgasm rip through her beautiful body.

Her climax seemed to set off the final throes for the man with the beard. He pounded

"SHE BENT FORWARD, OFFERING HER EXPOSED ASS TO THE BLOND MAN."

her a few more frenzied times, then—I guess because this was a porno theater—he whipped his cock out of her cunt and sprayed his generous load over her ass and back.

This time an appreciative cheer did go up from the audience. Sandy, still wearing that grin, sat down in the seat she'd been braced over. She beckoned to another of the males, one with his cock already in hand. This was a young sheepish-looking guy, but he came obediently forward.

Sandy boldly took hold of his staff. He jumped like he'd been hit with an electrical current. She tugged him even closer and turned in her seat. I groaned in my little booth as I watched her close her lips around his swollen cockhead. Sandy gives the best head I've ever known, so I knew how good her tongue felt as it wriggled over this man's knob. She swallowed his shaft inch by inch. Her cheeks flattened in around him. She cradled his balls, kneading them softly.

She sucked him right down to the root, burying her nose in his dark curls. She held there a moment, fearlessly deep-throating the lucky bastard, then drew her mouth back up. His cock gleamed with her spit.

Ferociously, she fell into a perfect cock-sucking tempo. Her blonde head bobbed up and down on that pole. The other men leaned in to observe, but luckily nobody blocked my view. She blew the young guy like a pro. His hands tentatively touched her head. She must have grunted him some encouragement because he soon wound his fingers into her hair and started to fuck her face.

I knew how much she liked having her tonsils banged. I also knew that a big part of





the thrill she had to be feeling right now was due to me watching her. From the very first night, with that guy Daniel, she had said how hot it was to have me seeing her fuck other men. It was a thrill so strange and potent she couldn't even explain it to herself. It made her feel both vulnerable and cherished, she'd said.

The young guy was losing control. He was humping wildly at Sandy's mouth, his whole body shaking. I pulled at my shank, ready to jet at any second. Right then, though, the tiny bell rang, which indicated it was time to change the reel on the film. I ignored it, of course. No one was watching the stupid movie anyway. But it distracted me enough that I held back my climax and just enjoyed watching the young man unload all over Sandy's gorgeous face. She caught pearly strands of his release on her tongue. Several of the men watching shot off at the same time.

The Va-Va-Voom Room's screen flickered with white blankness. Sandy arose from her seat, naked among all those men, lovely body glistening with sweat and semen. She adopted the same stance as when she'd made her entrance a short time ago. With her hands on her hips, she looked around triumphantly.

But I knew she wasn't done. There was one last sweet hole to fill.

She turned in a slow circle. She had her choice of any of these horny studs. The only unavailable man was me, up in my booth.

The man she chose to fuck her in the ass was an Adonis type as blond as she was. This guy had a boxer's physique, which everybody got a good look at when he peeled off his clothes. Veins lined his powerful arms and legs. He had firm pecs and abs. He also had a sizable cock, almost as big as mine.

He spat on his fingers and lubed up Sandy's asshole, as she'd instructed him. Still in the middle of the aisle, she had two of the other men brace her arms as she bent forward, offering her exposed ass to the blond man. He stepped into place and slowly worked his fat cockhead into her cinching ring.

Sandy loves it when I ream her ass, and I love watching other men get in there as well. I'm proud to have a wife who can bring so much pleasure to the world.

The blond guy eased his way into my bride, until his balls were mashed up against her taut backside. Then he set his feet, gripped her hips, and started stroking in and out of her tight hole.

She had considerably angled the scene so I had the best possible view. I watched that big cock disappear repeatedly into her ass. I saw her wriggle and heard her cry out. I observed the other men who held her, wide-eyed, and the ones who came forward to fondle her tits or stroke her hair or back. It was like they were worshippers, gathering around a sex goddess.

Above, I moaned and pumped my cock. The blond man fucked her harder. Sandy ground back against his welcome intrusions. He sped up, the sounds of smacking flesh filling the little theater.

When she cried out a fierce high-pitched note, I saw the blond guy quivering and shaking, too. He was spunking inside her ass. At the same instant, I geysered my juice all over the projection booth's walls and floor and window.

Dazed, I looked down on Sandy through those streaks of semen. We were so lucky to have met each other. I love being married to her.

-T.D., Portland, Oregon

WIFE-SWAP TV

My husband, Jack, came into our bedroom looking dazed. He'd been out until midnight with our new neighbor, Martin. I had an early morning and was already in bed, though still playing around on social media. I set aside my device.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

He and Martin had gone for drinks, but Jack didn't look drunk, just stunned. Martin and his wife, Janelle, had moved into the neighborhood a week ago. They seemed like nice ordinary folks. Martin worked for some electronics chain.

Stepping out of his shoes and unbuttoning his shirt, Jack said numbly, "You won't believe what Martin told me tonight."

"Did he make a pass?" I asked, being a smartass.

Ignoring me as he unfastened his slacks, Jack said, "He...said he's a wife-swapper."

This was suddenly far more interesting than anything online. I sat up.

"We were at the bar, getting to know each other. Martin was talking about Janelle, how they met and all. Then he up and says he and his wife...swap. Can you imagine? Letting Janelle sleep with other men."

Janelle was a beautiful woman, body as taut as a bowstring, with a natural Afro.

"I think you can imagine it." I eyed Jack's briefs, which were tenting nicely as his cock grew.

He covered himself demurely, then chuckled. "Sorry."

"Don't be. Janelle's a beauty. Tell me more about what Martin said."

LETTERS

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

He heard the eagerness in my voice. He finished undressing and got into bed.

"They started a few years ago," Jack said. "It was something they both wanted to try. But they didn't know if it would damage their marriage."

"Did it?" I pressed against him, excitement tingling in me. I trailed a hand down his tight abs.

"No. Martin says they're happier together than ever. Yow!"

I had taken his cock in my grip. He surged to full hardness as I pumped him.

"Does Martin watch Janelle fuck other men?" I asked, eager to know now.

"Yes. And she watches him with the guy's wife. They only swing with couples."

That bit of info got my pussy wet. I jerked Jack's rod harder. "Why do you think Martin told you all this?"

Jack was moaning. "He...he asked if you and I might be interested."

I flung back the covers and got on top of him. I fit his lovely cock against my drizzling cleft and speared myself on him. Pleasure roiled up through me. Jack gasped, hands rising automatically to seize my breasts.

"And what did you tell him?" I asked as I rode him.

"I... I..."

"Tell me!"

His face was flushed. He was thrusting up into me. "I told him I'd ask you!" he confessed.

I grinned and bore down on him, grinding my pussy on his staff. I let a few images of Martin flit through my head. He was a good-looking male, as fit as Jack. But in three years of marriage I'd never cheated. Still, this wouldn't technically be cheating...

I felt Jack getting ready to erupt. My whole body was churning with excitement. When I felt the hot blast of his searing spunk shoot up inside me, my climax quaked my flesh and bones.

Collapsing on top of him, I kissed his throat as he held me. Softly, I said, "I want to try it, Jack. Just to see. It might be fun."

"Yes," he said. "It just might be fun..."

The four of us met for dinner. It was very cordial, very sophisticated. Martin and Janelle were both quite charming. We had some wine. I was excited but nervous. Jack couldn't stop looking at Janelle, who was in a tight blue dress that accentuated her big tits and athletic physique.

We talked about arrangements almost like it was a business deal. As we left the restaurant to go back to their place, Janelle took me aside in the parking lot.

"You can quit on this any time you want, you know," she said.

"I'm just a little nervous."

She gave me a dazzling smile. "Martin calls it wife-swapping, but I like to think of it as husband-swapping. After all, I was the one who first had the idea for it."

Somehow that calmed and aroused me at the same time. We drove to their sprawling house and went into separate bedrooms. Martin had dark hair and finely etched features. He smiled at me. I seriously wanted to jump his bones, but still felt the tiniest bit of hesitancy.

Then I noticed the big flatscreen in the room. "Are we going to watch a sitcom while we screw?" I asked, again being a smartass.

Martin stepped in behind me and put his hands on my shoulders. He kissed the side of my throat, and I moaned, anticipatory pleasure rippling over my skin. "That," he said as his hands came around to cup my breasts through my blouse, "is wife-swap TV."

I reached behind and boldly rubbed his crotch, feeling his hard cock beneath the fabric. "What," I panted, "is wife-swap TV?"

He pulled my top off as I dropped my skirt to the floor. With him still behind me, I undid his fly and drew out his hard meat. He pulsed enticingly in my grip. He shed his shirt and stepped out of his pants. My pussy flowed.

"I'll show you," he said and reached past me to the flatscreen. I remembered that he worked as an exec for an electronics chain. He must have access to the best gear.

The TV snapped into high-def life. My eyes went wide as I found myself looking at my husband and Janelle. Jack was naked, his cock throbbing hard. Janelle was in white stockings and the high heels she'd worn to dinner. They were kissing ferociously. Jack was groping Janelle's generous tits, tweaking her stiff nipples. She was caressing his balls.

The sight shocked me for a moment, but then I realized how beautiful they looked together and how fun it was to watch Jack in action. We fucked a lot, but naturally I'd never had an outsider's view like this. His toned body was gorgeous.

Martin slid his hand down over my flat belly and slotted two fingers up into my pussy. I jerked his cock, still mesmerized by the TV.

Then, wonder of wonders, Jack and Janelle broke their kiss and turned to look right at us. I realized it was a two-way setup. We could see them, and they could see us!

Jack grinned, and I knew the grin was for me. I blew him a kiss as Martin fingered my



hole. On the big screen, Janelle went to her knees and took my husband's cock into her mouth. Her lips formed a perfect ring around his shaft. His features clenched with pleasure as she sucked him down to his balls.

A deeper pleasure took hold of me. It was a crazy mixture of Martin's fingers up in me and the televised reality of another woman's mouth on my man's cock. The thrill was like a strum of bass strings at the core of my being.

It occurred to me that this little experiment might actually be the start of something much bigger than I'd figured when I agreed to this wife-swapping—or husband-swapping, as Janelle had put it.

I turned around into Martin's corded arms and pulled him down into a deep kiss, our tongues clashing nicely. His hefty cock throbbed against me. I desperately wanted a taste of it. But before I could go to my knees, he lifted me and carried me in two strides to the bed.

He tossed me lightly onto the soft mattress. Again he moved quickly, this time to follow me onto the bed and shoulder apart my smooth thighs. I felt his hot breath on my damp slot, and then he was lapping hungrily. His mouth smeared itself over my folds, until finally his tongue stabbed deep into me. I cried out, back arching, ass lifting off the bed.

On the screen, Janelle and Jack had also migrated to their bed. Janelle was on her hands and knees, and Jack was eating her out from behind. The picture quality on the flatscreen was incredible. It was like they were in the room with us. I could see Jack's tongue delving into both her pussy and asshole. I knew how skilled a rimmer he was. She was having herself a treat.

I was having one myself as Martin's talented tongue zeroed in on my swollen clit. I cried out again, this time reaching down to grab a fistful of his thick dark hair. My climax tore through me as I humped helplessly at his face, daubing him with my juices. The pleasure was intense, awakening every part of me.

On the flatscreen Janelle let out a similar cry, which was when I realized there was an audio hookup. I suddenly felt both voyeuristic and exposed.

Martin sat back, face dripping. He saw my expression. "If you want it turned off, just say."

I appreciated how considerate he and his wife both were, but I said, "Fuck no!"

With a determined grunt, I got him over onto



“JANELLE WENT TO HER KNEES AND TOOK MY HUSBAND'S COCK INTO HER MOUTH.”

his back and swooped down on his cock. I swirled his cockhead with my tongue, savoring the texture and taste of him. Then I sealed my lips around his girth and dropped them down his veiny shaft. I caved my cheeks in around him, creating a good suction, and didn't stop until his crown was in my throat.

My head lifted and fell. I sucked him down to his base with every plunge, while I fondled his shaved balls. He groaned his pleasure, clawing at the mattress on either side of him. It felt strange and incredibly exciting to have another man's dick in my mouth after three years of absolute faithfulness to Jack. This didn't feel like cheating, though. Jack knew

exactly what I was up to. Hell, he could see it!

I pulled my mouth off Martin's tasty cock to give his naked nutsac a tongue-bath. I left his balls glistening with my spit.

He caught my shoulders and tugged me upward. I rose, eager to mount his staff. The bed faced toward the TV. I swung onto Martin in the reverse cowgirl. What must have been a crazy-looking grin stretched the muscles of my face. I set myself onto his fat cockhead and squirmed down onto his shaft. My pussy closed hotly around him, waves of molten bliss radiating outward from the penetration. I took him deeper and deeper, until I had fully impaled myself; I felt his slick balls against my ass cheeks.

Holding him there inside me, I gazed at the screen and saw Jack slotting his scrumptious cock into Janelle, who remained on all fours. They were perfectly positioned. As he slid all the way into her, I saw her beautiful face distort with pleasure. Her mouth stretched, she bit her lip, and she let out a long ragged groan, seemingly all at once.

My knees dug into Martin's sides. Behind me, he took hold of my ankles to anchor me. I lifted up, relishing the sweet, wet friction of his cock moving in my passage. I liked the unusual angle, facing away from him. My hands needed something to do, so I started to feel up my own tits, tweaking the nips.

Janelle watched me doing it, turning to

LETTERS

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

**"I DROPPED
A HAND TO
MY PUSSY
AND FLICKED
MY CLIT."**



look into the pin-sized camera. Her eyes were blazing with lust. She licked her lips, looking like she wanted to flick her tongue over my pebble-hard nipples.

I watched how her body rippled with Jack's thrusts as he stroked into her. The white stockings contrasted nicely with her dusky skin tones. Jack had her ass cupped in his hands as he plowed her with his gleaming cock.

I flexed my knees, riding harder and faster atop Martin's dick. He thrust up into me with my every downward lunge. Unable to resist, I dropped a hand to my pussy and flicked my clit. I also trailed my fingernails lightly over his slick shaft as it slipped in and out of me.

Over the audio link I could hear the smack of Jack's body against Janelle's. The sound touched off a thousand blurred memories of nights spent with my husband, of him pounding my pussy to our mutual ecstasy.

His eyes met mine, and I saw the carnal wonder in them. He was as amazed as I was. I'd expected this scenario to be fun and wild, but now I was sure we had uncovered something powerful and truthful here. Sharing my husband—and him sharing me—felt absolutely right, completely beautiful, an act of potent love.

It didn't mean I would want him stepping out with just any other woman, but under these circumstances, with these two wonderful people, it seemed like our ultimate declaration of devotion to each other. I never would have suspected on our wedding day that we would ever do anything like this, but now that we were deep in it, I was infinitely thankful.

Speaking of deep in it—Jack was fairly

hammering Janelle's pussy and I was taking Martin far up inside me as I slammed down on his steel-hard staff. A great greedy rapture was breaking over me, heat licking up my whole body. Behind, Martin was grunting like an animal. On the screen I saw Jack's face twist into his familiar I'm-about-to-shoot expression, which consisted of bared teeth and eyes rolling up into his head.

My second orgasm was coursing through me as Martin erupted and flooded me anew, this time with a thick syrupy load of spunk. The liquid warmth prolonged my climax, sending me into further realms of sexual delight.

Over the linkup, Jack and Janelle both howled out their orgasms. It was glorious.

I felt limp and gratified, my leg muscles quivering as I gently slipped myself off of Martin's spent cock. On the flatscreen Janelle was disengaging from Jack, who fell back onto the pillows, still catching his breath it looked like.

A vast gratitude overtook me. I remembered Janelle's words in the parking lot at the restaurant, when she'd said that she was the one who'd first suggested spouse-swapping to her husband. How lucky that the idea had occurred to her, and that Jack and I had now shared in the activity.

In a daze I found myself stepping off the bed. I locked gazes with Janelle, who also rose and stepped forward. The high-definition equipment really was astounding. I could see the beads of sweat on her body. One of her stockings had picked up a run. She still wore her high heels.

We stood facing one another, smiling into

the cameras, sharing a brief moment apart from our sated and recovering men. I wanted to hold this woman in my arms and kiss her and thank her properly for what she'd brought so unexpectedly to our lives.

But she was in another bedroom. So, in keeping with the wild TV theme of this scenario, I brought my hands up to my tits again and started kneading them. Janelle grinned and fondled her sizable mounds as well. I watched excitement rise in her as it simmered again in me.

I reached down and slipped two fingers up into myself, feeling Martin's slick residue there. Janelle did the same, no doubt feeling my husband's residual cream.

Jack stirred on the bed, blinking, seeing what we were up to. Behind me, I heard the mattress shift and knew Martin was taking notice, also.

But the men left us alone to finger ourselves to mutual climaxes, looking one another in the eye, husband-swapper to husband-swapper. When we climaxed at the same instant, it was like the sealing of a pact.

I'm so grateful to my husband for opening this world up to me and being willing to share me with other lovers. Without a doubt, it's changed my life for the better.

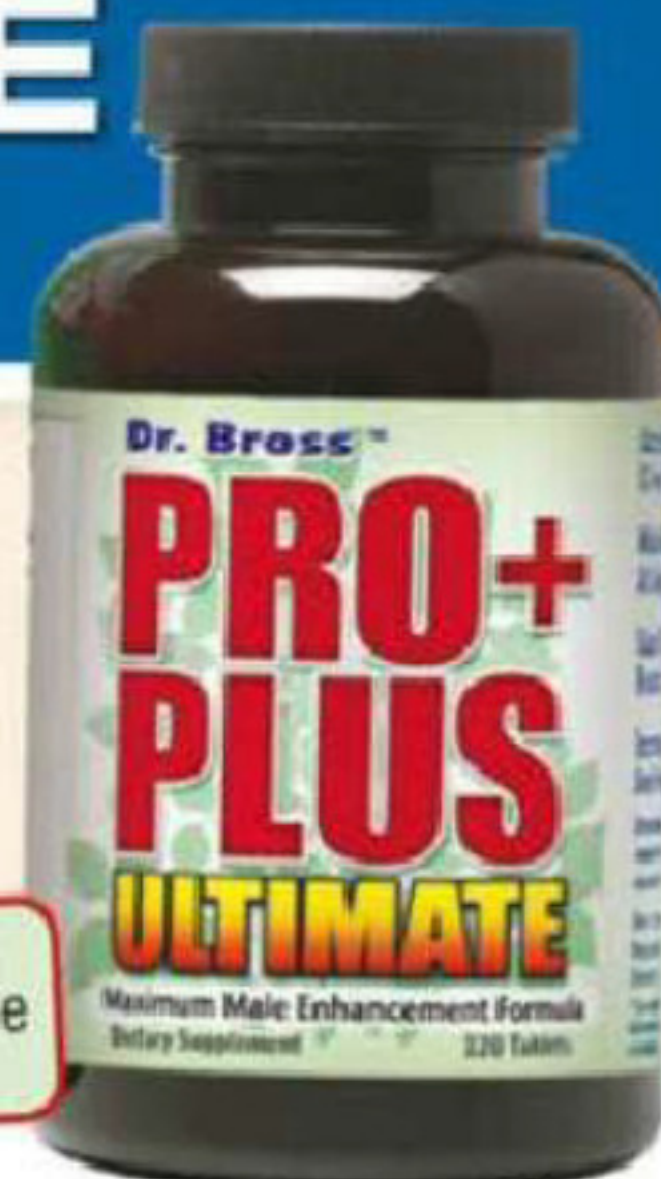
—A.C., Via Email

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SCHOOL DAZE

NAUGHTY KENDRA STRIPS DOWN AND TEACHES
HER HORNY PROFESSOR A LESSON IN LUST.





“I’M NEVER SHY ABOUT WORKING
FOR SOME EXTRA CREDIT.”

—KENDRA













LETTERS

➤ CARNALCOPIA



ON THE PROWL

“I can’t believe you had a one-night stand.”
 “Why not?”
 “Well, aren’t we too... too...”
 “Too what?” I asked my best friend, even though I knew perfectly well what she was getting at. “Too beautiful? Too vivacious? Too damn sexy?”
 “Too *old*?” Bella hissed.
 I checked out my reflection in the mirror behind the bar. Too old? I didn’t think so. With my gold-streaked hair up in a high ponytail, and my full lips slicked with berry-colored gloss, I didn’t look too old in the slightest. Sure, my co-ed years were behind me, but I was far from ready to believe the bloom was off my rose. Regardless, when are you considered too old to have fun? I hoped the answer was Never.
 My friend, Bella, seemed sure that we’d passed our prime. Well, maybe she had. Maybe the idea of a little freewheeling sex was more than her 45-year-old mind could comprehend.
 “Speak for yourself,” I said emphatically. “I’m not too anything...”

She licked her lips and looked me over. “You’re right,” she said. “I’m sorry. You’re not. You look amazing.”

“Maybe it’s the young guy who was in me last night,” I said. I made sure to say the words loud enough to put a blush on Bella’s face and a look of interest on the bartender’s handsome mug. I’d been clocking him since we’d placed our first drink order. I was much more interested in telling him my story than in telling Bella, but I could use her as a tool. I could address the story to her, but make sure he was able to hear every word.

“Tell me about it,” she insisted, leaning forward and lowering her tone, but only barely. “Tell me everything.” It was almost as if she understood my plan, but I was sure she didn’t. She’s far too naïve for her age, if you ask me.

Still, maybe she wasn’t too old to get turned on by my tale. Maybe she was as intrigued as I’d been. She was simply a little more repressed. Sometimes the pressures of society can weigh a person down.

I settled in and said, “You won’t believe it. If last night hadn’t happened to me, I wouldn’t have believed it either. The whole night was like something from an X-rated movie.”

“Stop being a tease!” Her eyes were wide

and bright. She clearly couldn’t wait. I took a sip of my wine, enjoying this moment. By sharing my fabulous night with her, I was reliving the excitement myself.

“I hadn’t even wanted to go to the gym,” I said. “I was dog-tired, and I really wanted to head home, make dinner, and fall into bed with a book. But I’d made myself a promise this year. I was going to hit the gym four times a week, no matter what, and if I hadn’t gone last night, I would have broken the promise to myself. After eight months of keeping my resolution, I wasn’t ready to break it. I’m so glad that I ended up going. I mean...” I met the bartender’s eyes and held his gaze. “I ended up coming.”

“Tell...” Bella said. She still didn’t seem to realize that I was flirting. That was fine with me.

“I am,” I insisted. “I’m telling you in my own way.”

She seemed beyond curious. I caught the way she was moving around on her barstool. I’d whetted more than her appetite. This was delightful. If my words were turning her on, then maybe they were also working their magic on the stud in the black shirt and checkered vest. But I took pity on her and shared a few more details.

“So I took this class I’d never taken before—all in the name of challenging myself. It was led by a guest instructor, and hot damn was he gorgeous.”

Bella said, “You can’t just say gorgeous. You have to describe him. What’s gorgeous to you might not be to me.”

“Built, of course,” I said, “with blue eyes. Black hair. And this wicked smile, as if everything he said was an intentional double entendre...”

“How old?”

I raised my eyebrows at her. “Twenty-five? Maybe.”

That was about the same age as the bartender, I was guessing.

“And I could see that he was well-hung,” I continued. I lifted my arm and indicated the length from my wrist to my elbow. Bella sighed. “I mean, in those snug blue gym shorts he was wearing, his cock had my mouth watering all evening.”

It was right about then that the bartender coughed.

I looked up at him and caught him standing a little too close to us. The bar wasn’t busy. He could have been anywhere. But he was

standing close enough to hear every word I told Bella. I saw that he looked quite a bit like the trainer I'd fucked the night before. At least, similar in height, build, and age. I decided to continue to have a little fun with him. Who knew where it would lead?

"Twenty years my junior," I said, "at least. But he obviously didn't care. Throughout the whole class, he came over to me repeatedly. Helping me find the right... position." I hit that word hard. The bartender met my eyes again. I watched as he blushed. *Good. Blush away, cub*, I thought.

"Honestly, I was dripping wet by the end of class, and I don't mean just from sweat. I was so turned on, and I hoped like hell he was, too."

"Was he?"

"Well, I waited until everyone else had left. I pretended I had a question for him about the proper way to do a sit-up. Like I give a fuck. Then, when he had his hands on me once more, I told him I needed a little more assistance back at my place. He understood exactly what I meant, and he followed me home."

Was the bartender still listening? I leaned closer to Bella, but I didn't lower my voice this time. I said, "We worked out all night long. And what a night..."

"You're leaving out all the best details," she said.

"Am I?"

"Was he good?" she asked. Then, as if she'd shocked herself, she put her fingers to her mouth.

"That's okay," I said. "You can say things like that. There have to be some benefits to getting older. Saying what you want is one of them."

"Was he?"

"Like you wouldn't believe," I told her. For a moment, I simply remembered what I had felt like the night before. How excited I'd been to strip off his T-shirt and yank down his shorts. How his hard cock had sprung forward as if it had a will of its own.

"What did you do together?"

"What didn't we do?" I countered. "He ate me out to start with. He had that youthful exuberance for the act, licking me with such fervor that he brought me to an orgasm far quicker than I'd ever had one before. I was shocked by the power of his tongue. Then I returned the favor. I went down on him as well as I could. He was almost too big for me



"I WENT DOWN ON HIM AS WELL AS I COULD. HE WAS ALMOST TOO BIG FOR ME TO BLOW PROPERLY."

to blow properly, but I did my best. Next, he fucked me doggy-style and missionary..." Bella stopped me.

"You're going too fast. Slow down."

"We didn't," I said. "We went fast all night. We hardly paused for breath."

"But you don't have to skimp in the storytelling. It's been six months since I last had sex. I want to know everything."

I took pity on her. "Do you remember what it was like to be with a 25-year-old?"

"It's been a while," she admitted.

"They can go all night," I told her. "I mean, without any need to reboot. Teddy was intense. He would come in a gush, like a geyser, and then want to fuck all over again.

And he made sure I reached climax every single time. He had no problem finishing me off with his tongue in between all the other acts."

"Oh, youth," Bella sighed.

"I know," I told her. "He was insatiable! We even did it on the balcony at dawn while the sun was coming up. Then we culminated the sex marathon with anal in the shower."

"You dirty girl!" Bella said, grinning. She seemed much more relaxed now. In fact, I noticed that she was actually eyeing the bartender. My bartender! *Down girl*, I thought. I'd have to act quickly.

"I'm sure I'll have more details tomorrow," I said. I put down money on the bar. Bella looked confused. How would I have more details? "Did you make plans to see him again?" she asked me. I shook my head.

The bartender came over to me. "Do you need change, ma'am?"

"No," I said, "I need something else."

Bella looked at me with her mouth open. She didn't understand what I'd learned the year I turned 40: Where there's a cougar, there's a cub. I gave the boy my address, whispered something so dirty in his ear that I knew he'd leave work early, and went home to prepare for my second one-night stand in a week.

I'd meet Bella for breakfast and tell her all the delicious details. If she was lucky.

-E.R., Columbus, Ohio

LETTERS

➤ CARNALCOPIA

■ PLAYING TO WIN

Are you sure you don't mind me going out with the guys?" David asked me.

"Do I ever?" I was sprawled on our bed paging through a fashion magazine as nonchalantly as possible. Although David was dressed to go out, I had on a little white nightie trimmed with lace. I didn't plan to go anywhere.

He kissed my lips. Then he kissed the tip of my nose. "You promise you're not just saying that?"

"Of course not." I closed the magazine and smiled at him.

"The thing is that you're so sweet about it," he said. "I've never had a girlfriend who was so supportive. They've all been jealous of poker nights, when all I'm doing is hanging with the guys."

"You dated the wrong girls I guess," I told him.

"Thank goodness I found the right one," he said, giving me a squeeze before heading out for his poker game. I really am supportive. I've never been a clingy type of girl. I think it's perfectly acceptable for partners to have different interests, and it's not my nature to join myself at the hip to any man I've dated. But on this night, I had an ulterior motive for being so easygoing.

As soon as the door closed behind him, I rolled over and pulled out my favorite vibrator. He'd be gone for three hours. I planned to see how many orgasms I could have in those 180 minutes. My record to date was six. Grabbing my vibrator, I settled back against the pillows and shut my eyes. I thought of David playing cards with his friends. Then I started to think of each one of his friends individually. One was called Rocky. He had a swimmer's build, blond hair, and blue-gray eyes. I pictured Rocky bending me over the poker table and fucking me. My pussy started to get juicy at the thought. I had a vibrator in one hand, but I didn't turn it on yet. I wanted to be really wet before I started the motor. The picture of Rocky was working for me at first. Then I needed more. I started to imagine David's oldest college friend, Tim. In this fantasy, I pictured Tim knocking all the poker chips to the floor, then spreading me out on the green velvety felt and kissing his way down my body.

I was naked in the fantasy, and the other poker players watched as Tim reached my split and began to make love to my pussy with his tongue. Part of the fantasy was the fact that the other men were witnessing my pleasure. I turned on the toy and let the motor whirl against my clit. I didn't amp the engine right away. I took things slowly. I know how to savor every second. With my eyes shut, I started rotating the toy. That felt delightful. I continued with the move, pushing and thrusting the tip inside myself. That's exactly when I heard a voice go, "Oooh." And the voice wasn't my own. My eyes snapped open. There was David, staring down at me.

I started to speak, but what could I say? He'd caught me with my hand in the pot, so to speak. There was no hiding what I'd been doing, and explanations weren't necessary.

What would I say, anyway? Hi, honey. When you leave, I touch myself. A lot. A fuck lot. All night long, in fact.

"So..." he said.

"So," I replied, switching off the toy.

"This is what you..."

I nodded. Then I looked at the clock. He'd only left 15 minutes before. Why was he back? He must have read the question in my eyes, because he said, "I got halfway to the game, and I realized that I would rather spend the time with you than with a group of men and a hand of cards."

"You did?" I asked, my breath coming fast. "You would?"

He grabbed my vibrator from me. I let him.

"Doing whatever you wanted to do," he continued.

I watched him.



“IN A HEARTBEAT, HIS COCK TOOK OVER WHERE THE VIBRATOR HAD LEFT OFF.”

“Or whatever you want me to do,” he said finally.

He turned the toy back on and began to run the tip all around my clit. I was in heaven in seconds. Not only was I getting hotter and hotter, but my man was the one doing this to me.

“What were you thinking about?” he asked.

I hadn’t been expecting that. Well, I hadn’t been expecting any of this, honestly. But I was unprepared for the query, and I answered without hesitation. “Rocky,” I said.

“Rocky?”

“Well, you and Rocky. And, you know, Tim.”

David seemed taken aback. We’d shared fantasies before, but most were less than dirty. I’d told him that I wanted to make love in a ski lodge. He’d confessed that he’d always wanted to try a blindfold during sex. This was something new. I watched his face to see how he was taking my confession.

“For real?” he asked.

I shook my head. “Only while I masturbate.”

That seemed to put him at ease. “So tell me more. Tell me what you think about while you touch yourself.”

I pushed myself up a little bit on the pillows. He had my vibrator in his hand and was using it as if he’d always done this with me, even though this was our first time playing in this manner.

“Like I said...” I started.

“I heard what you said,” he told me. “I want details. What do you envision? What do you imagine?”

I swallowed hard. I’d never told any boyfriend something like this before. It was personal. But then David and I share



everything with each other. Why shouldn’t I tell him my fantasies?

“What if I tell you one of mine,” he suggested, “and then you can tell me one of yours. We’ll trade.”

I liked that. I looked down his body and saw that his cock was hard in his slacks. I liked that even more.

“You said you think about the men I play poker with. Right?”

I nodded. He started to work the vibrator deeper inside me. I did my best to focus on the words he was saying. He was making me feel so sublime; it was a little difficult to concentrate, but I did my best.

“Well, sometimes,” he said, “sometimes when I’m in the shower, I jerk off and think of fucking you while my poker buddies watch.”

“Really?” I couldn’t believe we were so well connected, that our fantasies actually overlapped.

“Oh, yeah,” he said. “I imagine showing up at one of the games with you alongside me. I think of what the boys would say: ‘What’s going on?’ ‘Why’s she here?’ ‘Is it Girls’ Night?’ And then I picture telling them that I just want to fuck you while they watch.”

He was working that toy in me harder now, faster. I was starting to shake a little. I knew my own orgasm was not far off. “Now tell me yours,” he said. “What you think of.”

I was going to have to do it. He’d shared his secret. So I took a deep breath and told him

mine. “It’s a little dirtier,” I said.

“Really? A sweet girl like you? I don’t believe it.”

He let the vibrator slip out of my pussy, and he began to circle my clit with the tip.

“I imagine being at your poker game, too,” I said, “but I think of your buddies fucking me while you watch. One after the other, taking their turn.”

His eyes were so wide. I knew I’d shocked him. At least, I thought I had. He turned the vibrator off. Had I gone too far?

Nope. David simply had to take the place of my toy. He stripped and got onto the bed with me. In a heartbeat, his cock took over where the vibrator had left off. I was feeling hazy with pleasure. But I let him know that what I’d said was only a fantasy.

“I wouldn’t want to for real,” I said. “I just think about it.”

“We can think about it together,” he said. “All the different ways we could play... in our minds.”

That started a whole night of storytelling. We continued to see each other’s hands, to raise the stakes. He told me that he thought I’d look beautiful blowing Tim. I told him that I could imagine Rocky in my ass while David fucked my pussy.

It was the best poker night of my life.

And this time, when I cashed in my chips, I definitely felt royally flushed.

—W.M., Andover, Maryland

LETTERS

➤ CARNALCOPIA

AURAL SEX

“I think those people are having sex,” my husband said to me.

“What people?”

“Our neighbors. Can’t you hear them?”

I’d been deep into a murder mystery, and I hadn’t been paying attention. Now, I closed my book and listened. Immediately, I realized Louis was right. Our neighbors were most definitely fucking. There were the groans, the telltale sighs.

“Have you met them yet?” Lou asked me.

I shook my head. These were new neighbors to our duplex. They’d moved in only a few days before, taking the place of a student who’d never made a peep. I’d seen the moving van pull up, but I’d been on my way to work. Our paths hadn’t crossed yet.

“I can’t believe how loud they are,” Louis said. For a moment, I thought he was annoyed. I wasn’t annoyed at all. The way the lady was moaning was turning me on. That’s when I realized he’d tented the sheet.

“God, they sound so sexy,” Lou whispered.

“You know what?” I queried.

“What, baby?”

“I think we can do better than that!”

Louis gave me a look of thrilled excitement. I set my mystery on the bedside table and whipped off my nightgown. I’d assumed he was too tired for sex. It had been a long week. Clearly, I’d miscalculated. From the look of his boner, he was more than ready to play. His hard-on told me all I needed to know. Once I was naked, he took off his own pajama bottoms. He hadn’t been wearing the top.

Our neighbors continued to hit the wall with their headboard. Louis raised his eyebrows at me. “It doesn’t have to be a contest,” I told him. “Why not?”

Usually, we’re fairly quiet in bed. I don’t know why. That’s just how we’ve always been. But hearing the sounds of our nameless, faceless neighbors turned on something inside the two of us. Louis started by kissing his way down my body. He stroked my breasts, cupped them in his hands, kissed my nipples, just like he always does. But I began to moan. Not so loudly at first, but louder than I usually am. There was suddenly silence from next door. Were they done? Or were they listening to us?

We were quiet for a moment, too. Then Louis pinched my nipples, and I let out a loud

moan. Louis gave me a pleased smile before continuing down my body. He got to my pussy and licked and lapped at my split. I had found a new wealth of noises within me. I sighed. I moaned. I even mewed, making a noise that reminded me of a cat in heat. Louis seemed delighted by the new, loud me. As soon as he was sure I was wet enough for him, he flipped me over and got into position behind me. I felt his cock stroke up and down my split. Then he said, “Are you ready?”

“Yes, Lou.”

“Be loud for me. Be louder than you ever have.”

I sucked in my breath. He plunged, and I cried out. This time, instead of being quiet on the other side of the wall, our new neighbors turned up their own volume. I almost giggled. This was so silly. People we’d never met were having sex inches away from us. There was only plaster and sheetrock separating us. And that thought had me all hot and bothered in a brand-new way.

“Don’t stop,” Louis begged as he fucked me.

“Well, how about you?” I whispered.

“What do you mean?”

“You can moan, too, you know.”

That seemed like something he hadn’t realized. As Lou began to pick up the pace, he started to sigh. It was a husky sound. A very masculine sound. I wanted more, and I told him so.

He drew in his breath. He put his hands on my waist. Then, as he began to slide in and out of me at the fastest pace yet, he started to talk. “Oh, fuck,” he said, “sweet Jesus, you feel so fucking good.”

My eyes were wide open. I wasn’t sure if our neighbors could hear him, but I most certainly had. This was Lou, my husband of seven years. In that whole time, he’d never talked dirty when we had sex, much less shouted out his pleasure. He continued with his string of naughty words. Each time he spoke, he got louder and louder.

Why had we never been noisy before? We’d praised each other in the way lovers do. “Your mouth feels so good. I love when you do that.” But this was a whole new arena for us.

“Keep talking,” I said. “Don’t stop!”

He did. Not only did he swear, he started to call me dirty names. I was transported by his wicked words. Was I really a filthy slut? I was his filthy slut, that was for sure. Why hadn’t I ever been his slut in the past?



"Say my name," I insisted.

"Darlene."

"Louder."

"Darlene!" he hollered. That was more like it. Suddenly, I heard something new from next door. Instead of moans, there were words. What were they saying? I motioned for Lou to be quiet. For some reason, being quiet made us stop moving. We held entirely still, Lou's cock still sealed to me. Then I heard the man shout, "Melanie!" and I understood. We'd heard them—well, they'd heard us. From that point in the night, it was game on. We each kept ramping up the volume as we fucked. I was glad that we lived in a duplex. Had we been in close proximity to any other neighbors, there might have been complaints.

We took turns making noises, echoing one another. I moved so I was on my back. Lou was rocking the bed so hard that our headboard was slamming into the wall, too. Then things got even sexier. Suddenly, I swore I heard the man next door shout "Darlene!"

I thought Lou would go off right then. His cheeks got pink, and then he said, "I'm going to come, baby. I can't hold off any longer."

Shouting out our bliss together, we reached a mutual "O." From the sounds next door, our new neighbors did, too.

Lou and I collapsed against each other.

I wondered what would happen when we ran into them face to face.

Regardless, I was sure that our bedroom activities would never be quiet again.

—D.O., Sacramento, California

■ A PIECE OF WORK

"These jeans are trash," Robert said when he got home. He'd been out helping one of our friends put up a new shed, and he had apparently pushed the limits of what fabric can be expected to endure. The jeans had been on their last legs, so to speak, for a while now. The knees were gone. One pocket was missing. But this was new. This was obscene. I could see his blue-and-white striped boxers through the hole.

Robert wiped his forehead with the back of his arm. His hair looked even blonder than it had just that morning, as if the sun had beat the color out of it. We were in the middle of a serious heat wave. I'd hardly managed to keep



“SHOUTING OUT OUR BLISS TOGETHER, WE REACHED A MUTUAL ‘O.’”

my clothes on, finally settling on a thin coral shirt and a tiny miniskirt.

"How do you even rip jeans like that?" I asked, eying the crotch. The hole was right at the base of the zipper.

He shrugged. He clearly didn't care about the hows. He was ready to toss the pants in the garbage. I wasn't quite as ready.

While he poured himself a glass of lemonade, I kept watching him. He was sweaty from working in the sun all day, but he looked as sexy as fuck to me. Like a construction worker in a beefcake calendar. The fact that his jeans had finally given up the ghost made him even sexier. I watched as he fished out an ice cube from his drink and ran it over his forehead. He was hot. But I was feeling hotter.

I got on my knees in front of him, as if to inspect the damage, but really with an ulterior

motive in mind. The kitchen floor felt deliciously cool on my bare knees.

"You know, you look good down there," Robert said, and he pet my hair back from my face.

I grinned at him. "You look good from here," I said, and I stuck two of my fingers into the naughty hole in his pants and then began to stroke him through his boxers.

He grunted and bucked forward. I used my other hand to widen the hole. The ripping sound of the fabric turned me on almost instantly. "Do me a favor," I said, and my voice was a little rough, a little raw.

"Anything you desire," said the man with the rock-hard cock.

"Take those jeans off, lose the boxers, and then put them on again."

"Are you kidding?"

I shook my head.

"You'd like that, Maggie?"

"You have no idea."

Robert got out of his work boots, stripped off his jeans, and then posed for a moment. Oh, holy hell did he look handsome. The muscles on his thighs flexed. His ass was dreamy. He gave me a moment to simply say "fuck it" and do him right then. But I wanted what I wanted. When he put his jeans back on, I could touch him through the hole in the crotch. My fingertips met his silky naked skin. He groaned even louder. Then I got my mouth involved, licking him through the hole. I don't know why this increased my arousal so much. But there was something a little kinky about

LETTERS

➤ CARNALCOPIA



playing with him like this. I reached for his glass of lemonade. He seemed to understand what I was going for. He handed me the glass. I was the one to snag an ice cube now. I sucked hard on the cube, then licked him through the denim glory hole once more.

"That's so cold," he said.

"But you like it?"

"Yeah."

Robert pushed forward, and suddenly I needed better access. I used both hands this time to decimate the denim, ripping the fabric even further. Robert seemed as excited as I was. He was staring down at me with a look of fierce focus in his eyes. I got his cock and balls out through the hole. He told me that he liked feeling the soft threads of the frayed denim on his skin. I took his dick in my mouth and bobbed my head up and down a few times, making him good and wet. Next, I took his balls in my mouth and sucked firmly. Then I released him, stood up and said, "Keep those on and fuck me."

"Through the jeans?"

"Through the jeans."

"Why does this turn you on so much?" he asked.

I couldn't answer. I didn't have an answer. There was just something delicious about having him partly clothed like that. As if I'd been unable to tame my lust and I'd shredded the clothes right off him.

I stood and got ready to lift my skirt. Robert

"I TOOK HIS DICK IN MY MOUTH AND BOBBED MY HEAD UP AND DOWN."

stopped me. "You don't think you're getting away that easy, do you?"

"What do you mean?"

"How much do you like your skirt?"

I cocked my brow at him. Then I looked down at the pale yellow cotton miniskirt I was wearing.

"This old thing?" I asked.

"Good answer."

He put both hands on the hem and pulled upward. The threadbare fabric seemed to shriek a little as it gave way. My panties were next. I was wearing a tiny tangerine-colored thong. That didn't take Robert two seconds to tear. As my panties fluttered to the floor, I couldn't believe how wet I was. The act of

destroying those jeans had ramped up my arousal. Having Robert rip my clothes off made me even more of a she-cat in heat. In a frenzy, he bent me over our wooden kitchen table and then he was in me. I could feel the worn fabric of the jeans against my legs, and Robert's warm cock plunging through the hole in the pants and into my hole.

Robert was definitely starting to understand, because he said, "Do you like that T-shirt?"

I still had the coral V-neck on. It was one of my older tees, and not one that had any sentimental value to it. "Rip it!" I insisted.

The tearing of the fabric brought me to my first climax. He had no problem ripping the shirt right down the seam. My pussy contracted around his rod. He could feel my inner muscles squeezing him and releasing, over and over. Who'd have thought that killing our clothes would turn us on so much?

Robert shredded my shirt to bits. I cried out as he reached his own climax, coming on the back of my thighs so I was all sticky. I turned around to face him, my shirt in tatters, fluttering. We looked as if we'd been through some type of explosion. I watched as he took off what was left of the pants. I followed suit, stripping out of the shredded shirt and standing before him entirely naked. We eyed each other with desire. Would he fuck me again now that I was nude? Or did he have another filthy plan in mind?

"What else have you got in your closet that you don't like that much?" Robert asked me.

"Do you want a fashion show?" I asked.

"Only of items you don't mind me destroying."

I thought of the pile of discarded clothes in the closet, the items that were missing buttons or had a hole here and there. I'd always thought I would sew the bits on, patch the frays, but I'd never gotten around to fixing any of them. Maybe now I never would.

-M.L., Salt Lake City, Utah

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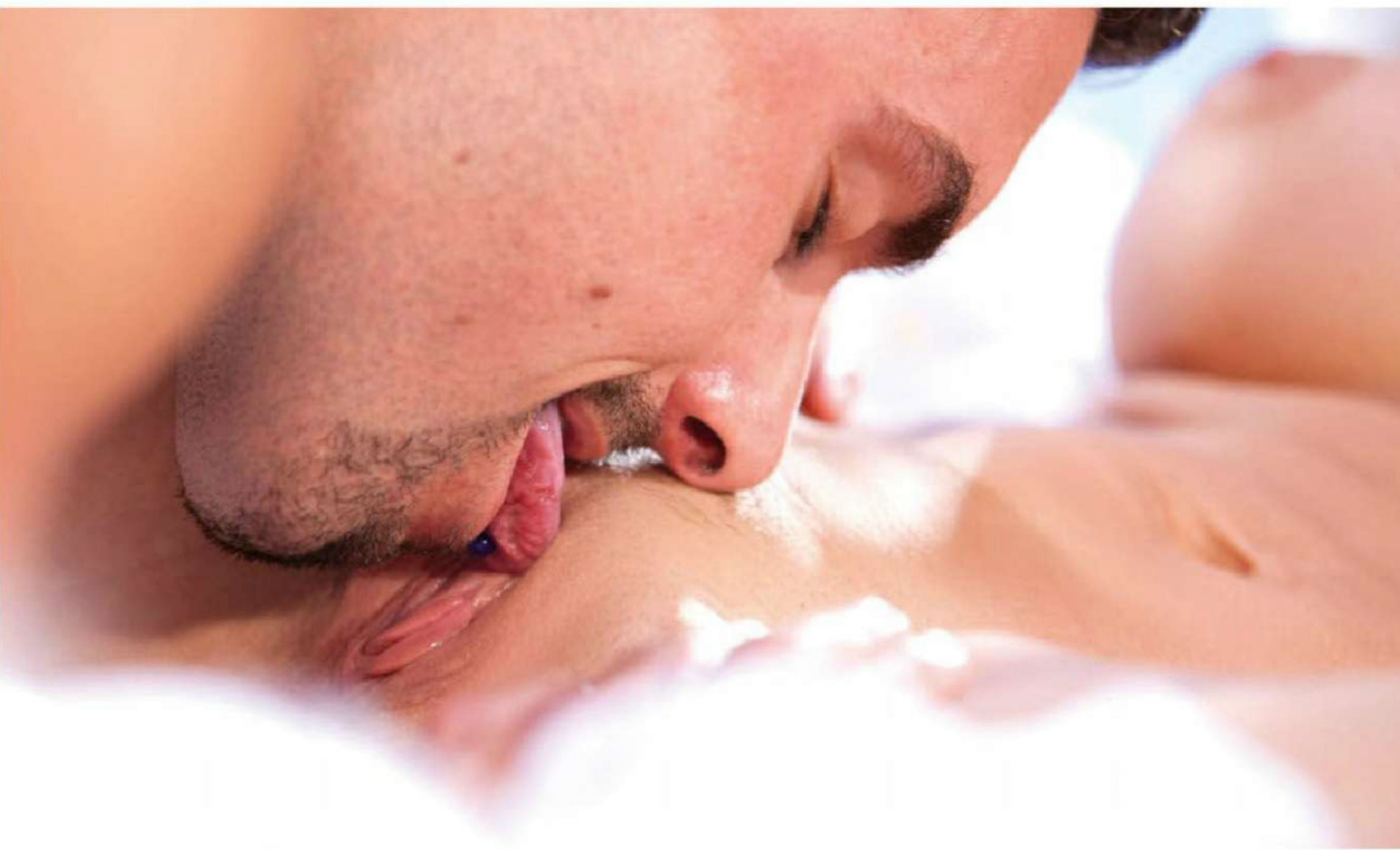


“NOTHING BEATS THE TOUCH OF AN
ANGEL—EXCEPT FUCKING ONE!”

—JENNIFER

















TOP 10

WITH MELISSA JACOBS



TOP 10 CAMPUS ENCOUNTERS

10. Experimenting in an empty lab.
9. Fucking in view of a peeping R.A.
8. Finding a sugar daddy among the trustees.
7. Borrowing a roommate's sex toys.
6. Partying with a Sapphic sorority.
5. Screwing on the dean's desk.
4. Creatively paying off library fines.
3. Earning extra credit from a hot prof.
2. Engaging in dorm-room orgies.
1. Deflowering a freshman.



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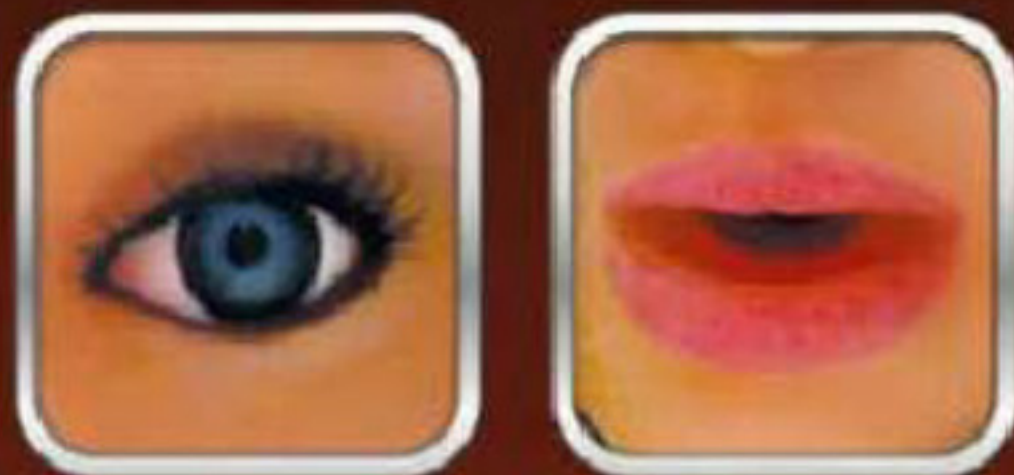
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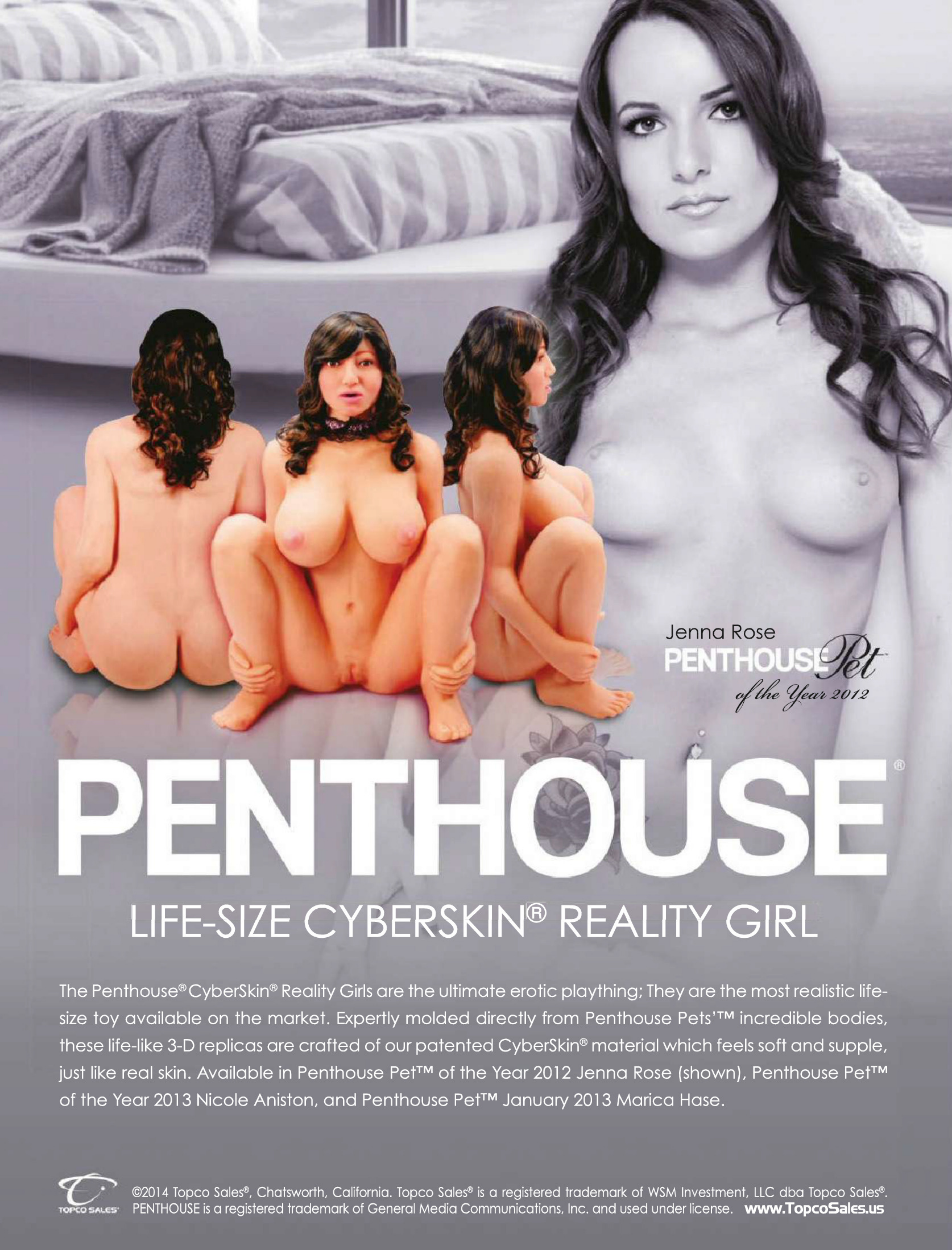
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CONTENTS

- 114 || EDITORS' NOTE
- 116 || TRANSVESTISM LETTERS
- 122 || PICTORIAL:
EARL MILLER - SILVERADO
- 130 || FEMALE DOMINATION:
BOUND FOR GLORIA
Every night is an erotic adventure filled with dominance and submission games for this kinky couple who love to play rough.
By Paul DeVine
- 134 || SPANKING: SPANKATHON
Being spanked into submission turns this bad girl on—but being spanked in public ramps up her pleasure even higher!
By Yolanda Sipp
- 140 || WIDE WORLD OF
VARIATIONS



VARIATIONS

EDITORS' NOTE

Whether hunting for a lover or another way to play, *Penthouse Variations'* readers never shy away from their wicked mission.

In this edition of *Variations*, Paul DeVine recounts his absolute submission to his regal yet devious dominatrix in "Bound for Gloria." Ever in her thrall, he experiences a new erotic surprise under her clever command. Yolanda Sipp tells all about her introduction to BDSM in "Spankathon." Her lesbian confessions and behind-the-scenes peek at a play party for the rich and famous are as eye-opening as they are arousing. Read the stories of three cross-dressers who choose to celebrate their kink in a variety of sensual ways. And enjoy the Wide World of Variations, which presents a tech-inspired tale and some sexy splashing as the cherry on top. Dig in!

—The Editors



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VARIATIONS

TRANSVESTISM

SEXY SECRETS

When Linda and I got together, I didn't actually know Linda. In fact, when Linda and I first got together, Linda went by Larry, and he was one of the most stereotypically macho men I'd ever dated. He worked in construction, loved grilling and eating meat, and always had a five-o'clock shadow and dirt under his nails. As far as I knew, the only time he had contact with women's lingerie was when he was ripping it off of whichever woman he was bedding on a given night. But when we became exclusive, things changed.

The first hint I got of Linda was when Larry invited me to spend the weekend with him at his cabin in the country. When we were showering together, I noticed that all the toiletries were very feminine—floral-scented soaps and shampoos, pink women's razors and exotic lotions. At first, I thought he'd done all that for me, but then I realized that the bottles were half empty, and I didn't think he'd leave leftovers from a previous relationship lying around; he was a macho man, but he wasn't stupid. So I asked him about it. "When I come up here, I like to really relax, and women's products just have a more soothing scent," he told me. When I pushed him further, about the girly razors, he claimed he liked them because "they're better at navigating delicate skin" and left his face feeling nice and soft—when he bothered to give himself a clean shave, anyway. It all sounded reasonable to me, so I didn't ask any more questions.

A few months later, when he cleaned out a dresser drawer for me, I discovered another of Linda's secrets. Searching for my emptied space, I'd opened the wrong drawer and discovered a few pairs of large lace-trimmed panties mixed in with his boxers. When I asked him about them, he admitted, a bit bashfully, that he sometimes liked to wear them at home because of how soft they felt against his skin. He asked if it bothered me to know that he sometimes wore women's underwear, and I told him that as long as he promised not to borrow mine, I didn't mind. "Maybe you can model yours for me some time," I suggested playfully. And eventually, he did—and he looked as sexy as hell in his panties, too, let me tell you.

But the big reveal came a few months after that, when Larry asked me to move in with him. "Before you agree, though," he said, "I need to tell you something. You know how I like to wear women's panties sometimes? Well, it's not just the underwear that I like. I sometimes do my hair and makeup, too. And put on a bra. And a dress."

I looked at him for a moment, silently absorbing his words, before I responded. "Okay," I said. "Would you mind showing me?"

He seemed nervous, but he agreed. And then he started to get ready.

I followed him into the bathroom and joined him in the shower, wanting to see the process up close. When he reached for his shampoo,

"HE LOOKED AS SEXY AS HELL IN HIS PANTIES, LET ME TELL YOU."

I stopped him and handed him the jasmine-scented one I'd purchased for my own use. "I think it's more appropriate, don't you?" He smiled and nodded, pouring a dollop of fragrant shampoo into his palm. When he reached up to scrub his hair, I encouraged him to let me do it instead. He dropped his hands, letting me massage his scalp sensually.

After the suds were rinsed out, I lathered up my bath sponge with some of my moisturizing body wash and started to run it over his body. I started at his shoulders and moved down his arms, then washed his chest, his abs, his legs. Then I turned him around and scrubbed his back, his ass, and, finally, his hardening cock. After making sure I'd caressed every inch of him, I fisted my hand around his dick and started jerking him off. He was about to show me his feminine side, but first, I wanted to make sure his masculine side was satisfied.

I tightened my hand around his shaft and

stroked back and forth, my tits pressing against his back as I worked his cock. He grunted as I jacked him off, telling me I should stop or he'd blow, but I wanted to make him come, so I kept going, pumping even faster.

Larry groaned loudly when he climaxed, and I watched as his cream shot out and was whisked down the drain with the remaining soap bubbles from our shower. Then I turned off the water and followed Larry out of the tub to continue his beauty routine.

After we'd toweled off, he pulled a pink razor out of his medicine cabinet and lathered up his face with a thin layer of shaving cream. Then, with short, careful movements, he shaved the stubble off his cheeks, his chin, his jawline, his upper lip. When he rinsed off his face, his cheeks were smoother than I'd ever felt in all the months we'd been dating. That made me even more eager; I wanted to see him dressed up. With my excitement mounting, I followed him into the bedroom, where he'd don his feminine finery.

Larry went to his dresser and reached into his underwear drawer, where I'd first found his panty stash a few months earlier. After rustling around a bit, he dug out a lacy black bralette and a satin thong with lace ruffles around the leg holes. He shimmied into his panties first, then pulled his bralette on over his head, and when he'd settled both pieces of lingerie onto his strong, muscular body, he turned and let me get a good look at him.

It's not that I was expecting to be turned off by his lingerie-wearing, but I hadn't expected to be turned on, either. Yet I was—desperately so. I found myself insanely attracted to him, but I found it difficult to believe that all he owned was the lingerie and a dress or two. So I asked him if there was more to his look. "I have high heels," he confessed with a blush. "And a wig."

I implored him to put them on, too, and though his wig was a bit low-quality and his shoes were clearly bargain-basement heels, seeing him all dolled up like that made my pussy wet in an instant. I licked my lips, unable to contain my arousal, and asked Larry if his new persona had a name. He looked me in the eyes and said, "Linda." And that was it. I was a goner.

I quickly crossed the room to where Linda was standing, modeling her ensemble for me, and stood on my tiptoes to kiss her. Her cheeks were so incredibly soft, and when



her hands wrapped around my naked body, pulling me closer, the lace of Linda's lingerie scratched against my bare flesh—and it felt fantastic! I'd never been with another woman before, and I'd never been attracted to ladies, but seeing Larry dressed up as Linda and getting to feel her lingerie-clad body pressed against mine made me understand why men were so fascinated with lingerie catalogs and why they loved seeing women in only their underwear. Sure, the near-nakedness was appealing, but so was the fact that they weren't totally naked. What a beautiful tease.

As I continued to kiss Linda, I pulled her toward the bed and collapsed onto the mattress, dragging her down on top of me. We shifted farther back on the bed, and I luxuriated in having Linda above me, kissing me. I felt an erect cock pressing hard against me through Linda's panties, which made my pussy ache. I needed Linda to fuck me.

I pushed aside the crotch of Linda's undies and pulled out the cock I craved, guiding it toward my hot, wet center. I wrapped my legs around her waist and pulled her closer, forcing her into me. And then Linda began to thrust. She pumped furiously into me, her

hips slapping hard against mine, and between the thrusting and the feel of the lacy lingerie rubbing against my naked skin, I was on the verge of an orgasm in only a few short minutes.

Linda came moments after I did, and then she rolled off me and we cuddled together for a post-sex nap.

Larry and I have been together for three years now, and Linda makes regular appearances in our bedroom. We've even discussed bringing Linda out on the town one day. If we do, I promise to let you know how it goes!

—R.K., Poughkeepsie, New York

LADIES' MAN

Once a month, I get dressed up and go for a drink, merely to see if I still pass as a woman. But every so often, when the mood strikes, I also look for some action. When that happens, I go all out. I'll wear my highest heels and my shortest dress, and I always make sure that I wear a matching bra-and-panty set, because even

if the guys I pick up don't notice those little details, I feel more pretty and confident wearing lovely lingerie.

Last month, I decided I needed to get laid. Or, rather, that Emily—my female alter ego—needed to get laid. So, on a Saturday night, after I'd showered and shaved and primped for hours, I donned a slinky red dress and a pair of four-inch platform sandals, put some condoms in my clutch, and headed out to my favorite lounge.

It was early when I arrived, so the place wasn't packed yet, but all the tables were taken, leaving me to grab a seat at the bar. That spot made it easier for me to meet the men who came in anyway, so I didn't mind being "stuck" there.

I ordered a martini and scoped out the crowd. There wasn't anyone there who caught my eye just yet, so I settled in and started chatting up the bartender whenever he wasn't busy with other customers. He was cute and very flirty, and I felt relaxed around him, probably because I didn't ever think of bartenders as appropriate targets. After all, if things go wrong with the bartender, you have to leave and can't go back to that bar again

VARIATIONS

TRANSVESTISM



without worrying about having an awkward run-in. So I avoid hitting on them—most of the time. But this guy, he was really pouring it on thick. He was definitely flirting, and he brought me a complimentary appetizer and drink after I'd bought only two cocktails. And the more he chatted with me, the less attention I paid to the obviously attractive and single guys congregating around the bar, even though I could tell that a few of them were checking me out.

I'd spent a few hours keeping my barstool warm when the hot bartender—whose name, I'd learned, was Geoff—told me he was about to end his shift. Then, before I could settle my bill, he asked if I'd want to grab a drink with him after he'd clocked out. "I live around

the corner, and I could make you one of the new cocktails I'm testing," he offered. I readily agreed.

When we got to his place, I let him mix me a drink, and then I followed him out onto the small balcony off his kitchen. After I'd had a few sips, he took the glass from my hand and set it on a nearby table. Then he cupped my face in his hands, leaned in and kissed me.

I felt my cock twitch as his tongue slipped between my lips, and by the time he finally broke away to catch his breath, my dick was positively rock-hard. After we had a moment to get some air, Geoff pulled me to him again, and this time, as our bodies pressed together, I felt his hard cock bump against mine through our clothing. I nearly swooned.

He groaned loudly as he crushed his pelvis against me, and he didn't seem surprised to feel an extra bulge between us. In fact, he seemed quite pleased. After a minute or two of grinding together, he even reached down between our bodies and groped at the hard-on that was barely hidden by my dress. He rubbed my dick through the fabric, then reached under my dress to caress my erection through my panties, which were sporting a wet spot where my pre-come had soaked through the material.

Our lips stayed locked as we groped each other, and then Geoff pulled me back inside to lead me to his bed. As we crossed the apartment, our hands tugged at each other's clothes, unzipping and unbuttoning, and we stopped for a second in the living room to kick off our shoes.

Inside the bedroom, I pulled his shirt up over his head and he tugged my tight dress down my body. Then he dropped his pants, and we maneuvered onto the mattress, both in only our underwear. He climbed on top of me and kissed me as he writhed against me. Our cocks bumped as our hands traveled all over each other's exposed flesh. I ultimately grabbed his ass while his hands moved upward until his fingers tangled in my wig.

I pushed a knee up between his legs and wrapped my free leg around his hip, pushing myself as close to him as I could. I felt his cock twitch as we continued to rock against each other. My own dick seemed to get harder—if that was even possible.

Geoff was seriously worked up. He pulled me tight against him before rolling us over so that I was on top. Then he worked his hands into my panties and yanked them down, getting them as far as my knees before I took over and stripped them the rest of the way off. After tossing my undies aside, I knelt next to him and tugged his boxer-briefs down his legs, freeing his erection.

When I lay back on top of him, our bare cocks brushed against each other for the first time. I bit my lip to try to stave off what felt like an imminent orgasm. I couldn't come prematurely—not that night, not with him. Geoff was the hottest guy I'd ever picked up, and I was already thinking that if things went well, maybe we could hook up on the regular.

As I stroked my dick back and forth along Geoff's, he thrust upward, seeking more contact. In no time, he seemed to become as

“HE CUPPED MY FACE IN HIS HANDS, LEANED IN AND KISSED ME.”

desperate as I felt and flipped us over once more, so I was on my back.

Reaching into his nightstand, Geoff snagged a condom and some lube. After dipping between my cheeks to slicken up my hole, he rolled the condom onto his shaft. In one quick motion, he pushed my legs up so my knees nearly touched my shoulders, and then worked his dick into my ass.

His cock was the perfect size, not too long or too fat, and he slid into me easily, filling me and making me moan. He was relentless, pushing in deeper and deeper, until I was absolutely stuffed with cock. As if savoring my snug passage, he stayed still for a moment, buried balls-deep inside me.

Shifting my weight, I wrapped my legs around him, digging my heels into his back. I wanted him to pound me, and I thrust myself against him in desperation. He got the message and started to rock his hips. Geoff leaned forward and pumped into me with determined strokes. With each movement, his stomach rubbed against my cock, ramping up my arousal. I was going crazy. I needed to come more than I'd ever needed anything else.

I clenched my asshole, tightening my grip on his throbbing dick. Geoff increased his pace, loving the friction provided by the sudden constriction. The short, soft hair that covered his stomach tormented my cock, and I bucked frantically, wanting more of everything.

Geoff abandoned all propriety. He fucked me roughly, thrusting as fast and hard as he possibly could. The sound of our bodies slapping together filled the room, joined by the chorus of our heavy breathing. I was lost in the moment until I finally felt my cock jerk. I was



about to come; there was no denying it.

I announced my imminent climax, and Geoff urged me to shoot, promising me he was on the verge himself. I sprayed my cream all over his stomach, and it smeared between our bodies as he continued to stroke in and out of my clutching back hole. He kept going for another dozen or so thrusts before he finally let loose himself. I felt his dick throb between my cheeks as he surrendered to his pleasure.

When he was empty, we collapsed on the bed together and spent a couple minutes catching our breath.

After we'd cleaned up and exchanged numbers, I called a cab and headed home. But I know I'll see Geoff again soon. In fact, I was thinking of giving him a call tonight...

—H.P., San Francisco, California

DATE NIGHT

Some cross-dressers like to share their feminine side with other people. But I find the act of dressing to be the most arousing aspect of the habit, and I prefer to experience such events solo. Instead of making dates or going to parties with other cross-dressers or frolicking about town, I stay in. I savor every moment of the beautification process. I let myself luxuriate in silky lingerie and satin dresses. Even my footwear isn't meant for strutting about in public. I buy only the highest, sluttiest heels—shoes I can't really walk in but that look incredible while I lay in bed.

The process starts the same way every

VARIATIONS

▾ TRANSVESTISM

time: in the bathroom. I fill the tub with hot water and toss in a lavender bath bomb, and then I soak for 20 minutes, letting the water soften my skin as the floral scent relaxes me. Then I lather up and shave my entire body from the neck down. I scrub myself gently with a moisturizing body gel, making every bit of flesh fragrant and femme.

After draining the tub, I turn on the spray to wash my hair and rinse off. I always use a creamy coconut shampoo; it makes my hair smell like summer. When I hop out of the shower, I let myself air-dry a bit while I shave my face. Feeling sleek and pretty, I pat myself down with a towel and then smooth luxurious lotion onto my skin, allowing the cocoa and shea butter to soak in and leave me feeling silky-smooth. By this point, I'm guaranteed to have a raging erection.

I often jerk off after I've moisturized. There's almost nothing better than the feel of my lotion-softened hands running up and down my thighs and teasing me into the ultimate state of arousal before my fist wraps around

my shaft and starts stroking. It only takes a minute or two to get myself off because of how horny I am.

After I've soothed myself with a good orgasm, I can focus on completing my transformation.

Makeup comes next, and my mood determines my color palette. Last time I dressed up, I went with darker shades, because I felt sultry, but I choose pastels when I'm feeling more playful. First, I'll apply a thin coat of tinted moisturizer, making sure to blend the lotion in with my fingertips. Then, I use a cream blush on my cheekbones to give myself a hint of sun-kissed color. I follow that up with eye shadow and mascara, and then a swipe of creamy lipstick.

Once my makeup is on, I have to admit, I spend a good five or ten minutes admiring myself in the mirror. I look good—I can't help it—and the sight never fails to rejuvenate my cock.

With my full beauty routine complete, it's time to get dressed. I have a dresser full of high-end lingerie to choose from. Sometimes

**“IT ONLY TAKES A
MINUTE TO GET
MYSELF OFF
BECAUSE OF HOW
HORNY I AM.”**

I like to put on a matching bra-and-panty set, and other times I pair separates with complementary stockings and garters. Still other times, I choose a negligee or a camisole with a pair of panties. Like my makeup, my selection depends on my mood.

After I've dressed in my outfit of choice, it's time for high heels. Lately, I've been enamored with 5-inch stilettos. I find it impossible to walk more than a few feet in them, so I keep the heels in my bedroom closet; that way I only have to stumble the short distance to my mattress.

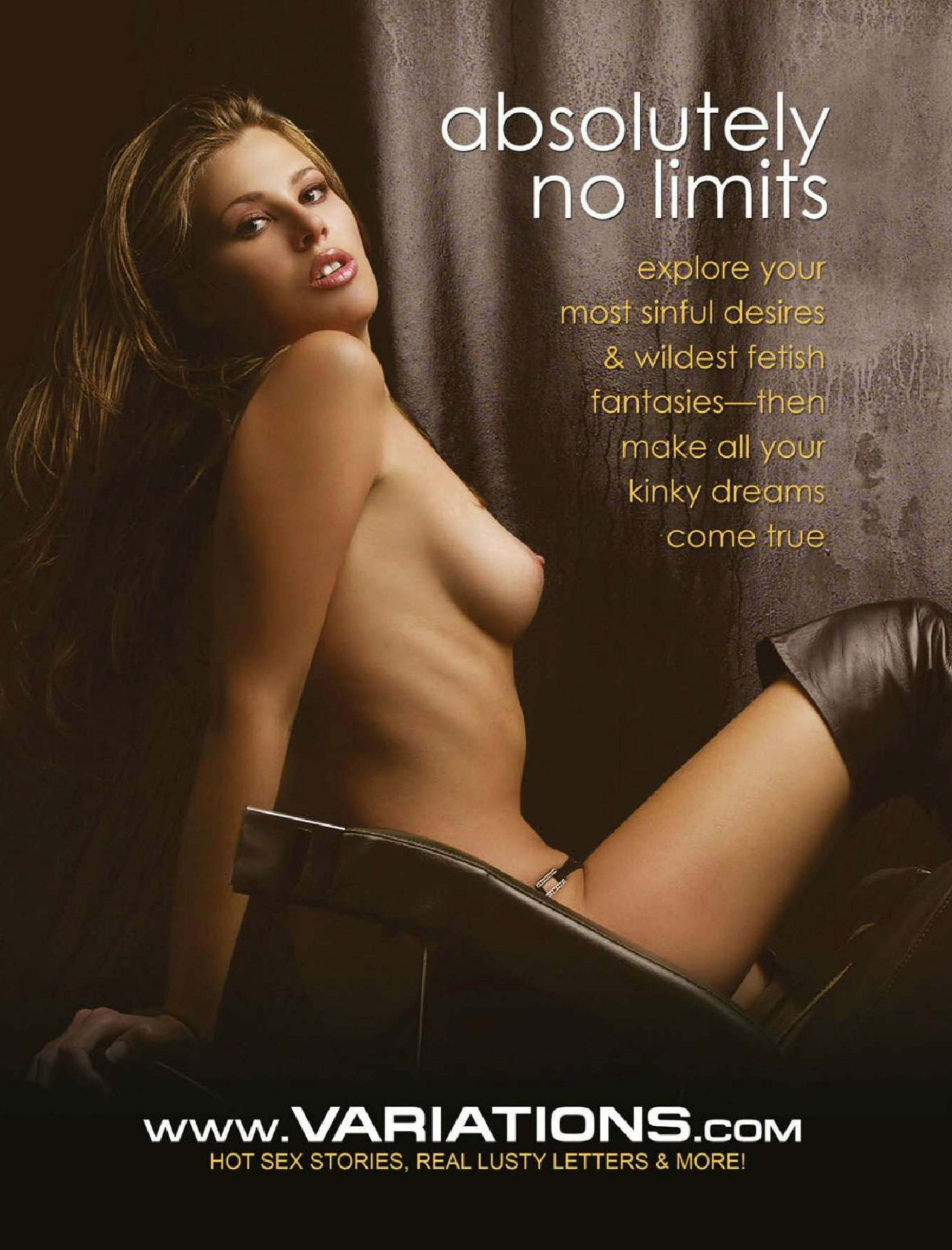
Once I'm comfortably settled amongst my fluffy pillows, I play an X-rated movie or read some of my favorite erotica, jerking off languorously. I caress my thighs, silky smooth from my bath and moisturizing, then work my way closer to my cock, caressing my erection through my lingerie. Then, once I'm amped up, I reach for my dick, tightening my fist around it and stroking myself.

A few dozen pumps of my hand are often more than enough to make me shoot, but the pleasure I feel is so immense, I immediately start looking forward to the next time I'll play dress-up.

—B.S., Chicago, Illinois

Are you a man who enjoys the finer things in life—like pretty lingerie? Ladies, do you get a charge out of seeing your ruggedly handsome lover wearing his favorite girlie clothes? Share your gender-bending bedroom tales with your fellow readers. Mail your kinky story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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BOUND FOR GLORIA

Every night is an erotic adventure filled with dominance and submission games for this kinky couple who love to play rough.

By Paul DeVine

The tick of the clock woke me up. At least, I thought it was the tick of the clock. In fact, it was the click of the lock as Gloria bound me to our bed. I had a moment to try to figure out what had happened while I'd been asleep. While I pondered, Gloria remained busy, binding my ankles to the footboard of the bed with thick leather straps. She was wearing only a black negligee, and her honey-colored hair was loose to the middle of her back.

I glanced at the clock to my left. It was almost two in the morning. Yet even at this late hour, Gloria appeared to be wide-awake. We'd been out earlier in the evening—an engagement party for friends of ours—and we'd returned home before midnight, fucked in the shower, and crawled into bed together. Exhausted, or so I'd thought—so I'd been.

"Close your eyes, baby," Gloria said, and I shut them on her command and then felt the whisper soft caress of her velvet blindfold covering my closed lids.

Generally, we play dirty. That's our style. That's our comfort zone. Gloria is top to my bottom, queen to my knave, domme to my sub.

The evening had overflowed with frivolity, festivity. Our lovemaking in the shower following had been sweet and fulfilling. But perhaps the tryst hadn't fulfilled Gloria. Not to her standard needs. Gloria is a domme to her devious core, and while she can enjoy a more vanilla sex romp from time to time, what she truly desires is to be in charge.

Like she was now.

How had I been lulled into thinking that a soapy shower romp would satisfy my mistress? That isn't the way Gloria is wired. She craves the crackle of incendiary heat between us. She devours my every submissive need.

"That's how I like you," Gloria said, obviously admiring my bound form.

My ladylove is a pro at bondage games. My wrists were cuffed over my head, my ankles were bound, and I was covered only by the lightest of satin sheets. Then I wasn't even covered by that as Gloria pulled the sheet

from my body with the flourish of a magician performing a trick. Suddenly, I was naked and bound for Gloria—exactly the way she likes me.

"How's my lover?" Gloria purred.

"I'm..."

"Shhh," she demanded, and I realized in a flash that she wasn't talking to me. I could feel her warm breath on my midsection. She had moved closer to my body. So close that she was taunting all my nerve endings with her proximity.

"How's my sweet thing?" she asked next.

Oh, I understood. She was addressing my cock. Although usually the strong silent type,

**"YOU LIKE THAT,
DON'T YOU? YOU
LIKE THE WAY
MY MOUTH FEELS
ON YOU?"**

my dick did respond to her words. I felt my erection vibrating as Gloria's warm breath met my most sensitive skin. I positively twanged at her words.

"Oh, lover," Gloria sighed. "The plans I have in store for you tonight..."

Clearly, my lady had stayed awake while I'd drifted to dreamland. She'd hatched ideas and sorted schemes—because in a heartbeat I felt something new, something foreign and unexpected, sliding down my dick. A cock ring. I sighed inwardly. Yes, Gloria had ideas. The ring was one she'd given me for my last birthday. I could tell from the way the cold material felt on my skin. Once the ring was in place, Gloria truly began to tease me. She

started by tickling my sensitive balls with her fingertips. I groaned and bucked, unable to stop myself, yet not making much difference because of how tightly Gloria had bound me. Still, she did not seem to appreciate any unauthorized actions on my part. Quickly, I found this out when she added a ball gag to my other accessories.

"You'll speak when spoken to," Gloria said firmly as she buckled the gag into place. I didn't complain. I love wearing the gag for my mistress. It enhances my feelings of true submission. I appreciate the stretch of the ball, the way I'm forced to keep my mouth wide open, and how I'm unable to speak. But in case things ever go past my comfort level, Gloria and I have worked out a system for safewording when I'm so firmly bound for her pleasure. If I kick the footboard twice, Gloria knows to stop what she's doing and check in with me. I wasn't kicking now. I was holding myself still and waiting for the next chapter of pleasure and pain in our evening.

Satisfied with my obedience, she resumed her tickling, stroking my ball sac and letting her fingers wander into the space behind. Holy fuck—that felt awesome. I would have told her, would have thanked her, except the gag kept me silent. Mentally, I let Gloria know how grateful I was for her attention. I wondered if she could sense that gratitude spilling out of my body.

It wasn't the only thing spilling out of me. My cock leaked copious amounts of pre-come as gorgeous Gloria ran her fingers all over me. Next, she added lube. She gave me no warning, but I felt the greasy glide of her fingertips working over me, now coated in the slick lubrication.

"How do you like that?" Gloria whispered. "How does that make you feel, huh?"

I gurgled behind the ball gag. There was no way I could answer her, and Gloria knew that. But of course, she still wasn't talking to me. To emphasize this, she manhandled my dick, wrapping her delicate fingers all around the rod. She jerked me a few times above the cock ring, and I shivered all over. I couldn't



help myself. I wanted release more than anything, but I knew from past experience as Gloria's plaything that any type of orgasm I might crave was a long way away.

It might be two in the morning. Every other person in our building might be fast asleep. But Gloria was only just starting.

"How's this?" she asked next. "What do you think about this?" That's when I felt a small motor rumbling. It took me only a second to figure out what made that type of sound. Gloria had grabbed hold of one of our vibes, and she was running the tip of that superlative stick up and down my own stick. My eyelids fluttered beneath the blindfold. I was a writhing mass of excitable nerve endings. In mere minutes, Gloria had brought me to the brink of an earth-shaking orgasm.

"And this?" she asked now, and she'd taken another toy in hand and was cautiously probing my anus. That was a butt plug. I've worn the device for Gloria countless times. She likes to screw the toy inside me and make me serve her. She enjoys knowing that I am filled in my back hole by the naughty little plug. More lube joined the first squirt. She was really wetting me up down there. There was no more pressure from the plug for a moment. She was scooping up the lube and slickening up my anus good and proper.

My sighs were coming steadily. Yes, I was muffled, but that simply meant I wasn't as loud as I might have been. Gloria touching my backdoor like that would have been enough

stimulation to send me over the edge. Except that I was currently wearing the cock ring, so that kept my climax in check.

"You like it like this?" she teased, and she tapped my asshole for me. *Tap. Tap. Tap.* I howled behind the gag. "Just like this?" she whispered. *Tap. Tap. Tap.* I loved that feeling, and she—my dirty, filthy girl—knew it.

I wanted to tear free of my bindings, rip off the cuffs and the mask, demand she fuck me with the toy, release my cock from the ring, take pity on me.

But because I am a submissive to my core—the way Gloria is a domme to hers—I didn't actually want that. Those desires were simply tricks of my tormented brain. My body told the truth: that I couldn't have been happier being bound and played with by my wicked girlfriend. Ultimately, she would allow me to climax. Until then, she would keep me teetering in this limbo land of pleasure so intense that it bordered on pain.

Gloria started to slip the tip of the toy into my asshole, and I actually managed to make a noise sounded like "oh, yes" around the gag. She laughed delightedly and shoved the toy all the way inside me. I was full, the way I love being full. Gloria spun the base of the butt plug, and I groaned around my gag. That felt so filthy and good, I could hardly formulate thoughts anymore. My mind was filled simply with a hum of sweet pleasure. My Gloria was making me feel like this. She had my fantasies held tight in her fist. She knew exactly how

thrilled I was that my cock was bound for her and my asshole was stuffed.

"That's right," she said. "You love being impaled, don't you?"

This, I thought, was finally being addressed to me, and I nodded. She let go of the vibe she'd been using on my cock, and she ruffled my hair. "Good boy. Now show me exactly how grateful you are."

With those words, she stopped paying attention to my lower region entirely and slid her body forward until her pussy was perched in front of my mouth. Then she undid the ball gag so that I might do something with my tongue that would please her. I knew better than to simply start lapping at her. She had to give me permission. This was a decadent treat. I needed to be worthy of her affections.

"What do you want to do, lover boy?" she crooned.

"I want to lick your pussy," I said.

"Just lick it?"

"Suck it. Slurp it. I want to drink every drop of your sweet honey," I babbled. "I want to make you happy. I want to make you come."

"That's my boy," she said. "Do it."

The fact that I was still wearing the blindfold added a special kind of spice to my actions. I was lost in darkness, but I found Gloria's nectar, her ambrosia. Sometimes, Gloria rubs a finger in her pussy and spreads her juice on my lips before I leave for work. She understands exactly how much I crave her taste and her scent. My tongue played over

VARIATIONS

▾ FEMALE DOMINATION

her pussy the way I know she adores. She helped me, peeling open her own pussy lips, thrusting her cunt forward so that I could dine on her to her divine specifications.

"Make circles," she demanded. "Use the tip of your tongue to make little circles." I followed her order automatically and with the alacrity that Gloria has come to expect. I made concentric circles that honed in on her clit. Then she said, "Up and down, as if you're drawing a line." I did that, putting even more force into the motions. Gloria was the one to sigh now. Her whole body quivered as I brought her to a higher level. I could feel the silk of her nightie against me. I appreciated that she was still wearing her lingerie with no panties beneath. She gripped my hair, fucked my face with her split, and then came in a transcendent wave against my lips, crushing herself into me, crashing herself into me.

She didn't pull away quickly. She continued to let the vibrations spiral through her, hitting her clit against my mouth to stretch the pleasure to its ultimate limits. With a satisfied sigh, she pulled back and resumed her attention to my throbbing dick. She undid the cock ring and wrapped me in her fist. Then she licked the head of my cock almost as if she were trying to French-kiss it. Sloppy wetness surrounded my dick head. I bit down a cry of sheer bliss. I hadn't expected such a

lovely reward from my mistress. Not so soon, anyway. She was keeping me on my toes.

She resumed her one-sided conversation with my manhood. "You like that, don't you? You like the way my mouth feels on you?"

If my cock had been able to talk then, it would have told Gloria exactly how sensational she was making it feel.

"Would you like to feel my pussy on you?"

I couldn't help myself. I was the one to say, "Yes. Oh, yes. Yes, please, Mistress."

She laughed darkly. "What will you do for me?"

"Anything," I said, because at that moment,

**"‘COME FOR ME,’
SHE WHISPERED,
GRANTING THE
PERMISSION I
REQUIRED. ‘COME
WITH ME.’"**

I would. I was helpless to resist her.

"Will you take my cock?"

That was a no-brainer. "Yes, Mistress. Of course, Mistress."

She began to prepare me. She pulled out the butt plug without any warning, and then she undid my bindings. I lay entirely still even without the cuffs or the thongs holding me in place. I awaited her next command, knowing in my head what was coming.

"On your knees," she demanded. Still wearing the blindfold, I rolled over and got into the position she'd instructed. She stroked me for a moment, running the palm of her hand from the nape of my neck all the way to the curve of my ass. Then she let her fingertips wander between my cheeks to stroke my anus. I felt empty there without the plug. She must have known that.

"Sweet little asshole," she cooed. "You want my big dick, don't you? You want to take me in you to the hilt?"

I lowered my head, staying silent. I did indeed want what she was describing. Every last word.

Gloria moved off the bed. I could hear her going through her sex toys. I knew precisely what she was looking for: her favorite harness and dildo. I could see her in my mind, the way she'd look stripped naked, wearing only that black leather harness and sporting her massive synthetic hard-on.

The mattress settled once more as Gloria rejoined me on the bed. But she didn't get behind me. Not right away. She settled herself directly in front of my face. Her dick traced over my cheeks, then my lips. I opened my mouth, but I didn't suck her in. Not until she gave me the order, not until she whispered the command.

"This is my cock," she said. "Show me how you appreciate my cock. Show me how you love it."

I opened my mouth and took in the very head of her dick. I started to work slowly, licking the tip before drawing more of the shaft down my throat. Gloria stroked my hair and told me I was her good boy, her best boy. Her words of encouragement and enthusiasm spurred me on. I could feel how hard my dick was. I could imagine Gloria slicking her lips over my own cockhead. I employed all the little tricks she uses when she bestows sweet oral goodness to me. Gloria groaned as if she could feel the ministrations of my mouth





on her. She moaned as if her dick weren't synthetic at all, but an actual part of her. When she'd had her fill, she pulled back and moved around me on the mattress.

"Such a perfect blowjob deserves a reward," she said, and she got behind me and held on to my hips. For a moment, she teased me. She let the spit-slickened head of her dick press against my asshole without plunging forward. My whole being was alive with desire. I felt flickers of energy dart through me everywhere. This is why I bow to my mistress. This is why I put myself in her capable hands. Because she understands. She fully grasps my urges and desires, and she fulfills every one, every time.

Then she said, "Tell me what you want, Paul. Tell me, and I'll give it to you."

I was filled with gratitude that she was asking for my input. She wanted to know exactly what I needed—so I told her. "Fuck me," I begged. "Please, Mistress, fuck me."

To give us both a slippery ride, she added more lubrication. Then, as I held my breath, as she gripped my hips, she thrust in. Instantly, I was overwhelmed with the sensations. My mistress had her cock in me. My own cock jerked in response. She brought one hand down to milk me with her fingers as she fucked me with her dick. I could not believe that only a short time before I'd been asleep, lost to dreamland, done with the night. Thankfully,

Gloria had seen fit to stay awake, to bring this vista of pleasures to the both of us. Because I knew in my heart, in my core, that what she was doing to me brought her bliss, as well.

"Tell me, Paul," she insisted, and her voice was a hoarse command. "Tell me how you feel."

"Oh, Gloria," I whispered. "So good. It feels so right to have your cock in my hole."

"Tell me more," she commanded, and I understood what she craved. A steady stream of my praise and adoration for all that she gives me, for the way she makes me whole.

"The way you fill me up," I told her, my voice raw with undiluted honesty, "the way you work me..." I trailed off, searching for the proper way to explain. How could she understand? I wanted her to know, to accept how deeply I yearned for her, burned for her.

"It's like you're in my head," I said, because that was it. That was my truth. "You see what I want before I even know the desire."

And she did. Her hand began tugging on my dick. Her toy cock worked harder, faster inside my ass. Until I sensed I was on the verge of a mammoth orgasm, one that I would not be able to stop. I wondered if she knew, too, if she could tell what was about to happen.

"I can't..." I said. "I mean, I have to..."

She was in motion then, unbuckling her harness, tossing aside the toy so that I heard it smack the floor nearby. In a flash, she moved

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her body so that she was beneath me, and she grabbed me around the waist once more, allowing me entrance to her sacred pussy. I was enthralled, untamed, released. The sensation of her cunt around my cock was almost too much to handle. I did my best to hold on, to hold out, until she gave in.

"Come for me," she whispered, granting the permission I required. "Come for me, Paul. Come with me."

So I did. Shooting inside her. Filling her up. I made us both a sticky mess, and she laughed as she came again, climaxing with me this time, so that we were truly joined. Then, breathing hard, she undid the blindfold that had kept me in the dark all this time.

"Beautiful," she said. "That was truly beautiful."

She kissed me as we lay there, naked and entwined, back to ourselves, back to our senses. I turned my head and saw the handcuff key resting on our night table. *Until next time*, I thought. *Until, perhaps, tomorrow.*



VARIATIONS

SPANKING

SPANKATHON

Being spanked into submission turns this bad girl on—but being spanked in public ramps up her pleasure even higher!

By Yolanda Sipp

We were a few dozen healthy 20-something women, all off on a grueling, month-long survival course. This wasn't the military. We were training to work for a hands-on Third World relief agency, where we would face all sorts of struggles and rough circumstances. The training, which consisted of lots of wilderness exercises, was meant to winnow out the women who weren't serious enough for the commitment. Better they find out ahead of time that they didn't have the stuff than fail overseas.

Away in the mountains, in a crude camp where we had to pump our own water, cook over wood fires and endure hours of drills, the little cabins where we slept were like oases. There were ten of us in each of the small, framed structures. We would stagger in at dusk, strip and collapse onto our cots.

I had thought I was in great shape. I'd run track in college and had a lithe, toned figure. But this was a freakin' endurance contest. I hiked and climbed and did whatever the instructors demanded until every muscle screamed.

Naturally, a competition sprang up among us female volunteers. (Men trained in a different camp.) And of course, in such situations, some bitch had to try to be top dog.

In this case, it was Teddi—way too cuddly a name for the hard-muscled, rip-snorting woman who went tearing through our daily workouts like a gladiator. We called her Ted.

I was bunking in the same cabin with her. After a harrowing day, she would sometimes drop and do fifty pushups, calling the rest of us wimps the whole time. Other times, she would strut around naked, flexing her developed musculature. She had dark, spiky hair and an attitude to match.

Yeah, Ted was a jerk—albeit an attractive one.

However, one morning I'd had enough of her attitude. Ted was daring anyone to take her on at any physical activity. I got off my cot, not bothering to put on panties, and said, "A

race. At lunch break. You and me."

Ted flashed her wide, malevolent grin as she looked me up and down. "You got nice tits, girlie. But you're not better than me at anything."

It was on.

The instructors got wind of our impending competition and laid out an informal course, three miles around one of the mountaintops. When lunch came and Ted and I went to the start line, something occurred to me. "Hey," I said. "What're the stakes?"

"You do what I say in the cabin tonight, if—I

**"MY CUNT
TINGLED WITH
A LUSTFUL
INTEREST THAT
STARTLED ME."**

mean when—I win. Reverse if you beat me. Which'll never happen," Ted answered with a sneer.

I couldn't wait to wipe that expression off her pretty face. I also let myself wonder what I might make her do later on...

Then we were off and running. I was flying, like in all those track meets. But after a mile, I lost footing on the terrain and struggled to regain my pace. Ted, meanwhile, ran like a crazed goat.

Somehow, minutes later, I saw her cross the finish line three strides ahead of me. I couldn't believe it!

Ted—sweat pouring down her face—said, "Your ass is mine tonight."

I didn't know how literally she meant that.

That evening, I awaited my fate with a mixture of apprehension and arousal. I halfway figured she meant to put me through some melodramatic lesbian "ordeal." (That didn't bother me—I wasn't skittish about sucking some pussy.) But the tension built as Ted delayed coming to the cabin. The other women pretended not to watch me, but I knew they were. I even saw faces peering in the windows. The whole camp knew about our wager. I could see deviant excitement alighting my bunkmates' features.

By the time Ted came stomping through the door, I'd grown seriously nervous. She looked insufferably smug, fists raised in victory.

"Get your fuckin' clothes off!" she told me. "I want to see that sweet ass!"

Her tone of command made my hands shake as I stripped. Again I waited, heart beating hard.

"Up on the cot," she ordered. "On your hands and knees!"

My body trembled as I got on all fours, facing the wall. I heard Ted's measured steps coming up behind me. Everyone else had retreated, but I felt the women around us still watching.

I honestly don't know what I was expecting, but suddenly there was a loud smack—and I jumped and yelped, feeling a hand-sized sting on my right ass cheek. I cranked my head around to see Ted standing at the foot of my cot, grinning, her hand raised. I was shocked—and aroused. My cunt tingled with a lustful interest that startled me.

"Don't you look at me unless I give you permission!" she scolded. Then she whacked my left cheek, delivering an equally wicked sting. I bit back a groan, not wanting to reveal my feelings, and I obediently turned my head away. Waiting for the next slap, I braced my knees and stiffened my arms, fingers gripping the bedding. So... she was going to spank me? Naked, in front of the others, like a naughty girl at some kinky boarding school.

That idea sent a strange charge through me, a kind of excitement I'd never experienced before, and it thrilled me to my core.



VARIATIONS

SPANKING



Ted delivered another smack. Each pain impulse skipped through my whole body, awakening sensations that didn't seem to belong to me. My punisher took her time between blows, letting the pause fill me with anticipation, making me shiver as I worked to hold myself still.

My skin tingled. My nerve endings crackled. My nipples had hardened, and my pussy flowed with wetness.

The pain, though, was real. Ted alternated hands, hitting from one side, then the other. She was covering the whole area of my ass. My backside glowed with a rising heat. She struck the same spots more than once, and that was pain on top of pain, a fiery stinging sensation that left me breathless.

I cried out with each slap, a raw helpless sound. Distantly, I heard the gasps of the others. More than a few of the women sounded aroused, as if seeing me getting my bare ass spanked was some kind of pornographic treat. I realized that I liked them seeing me this way. I wanted them to watch, to appreciate the punishment I was taking.

There was a window in the wall, and I looked up to see faces peering down at me, eyes wide. *Yes! Yes—watch me!*

"You see what you get, you bad girl!" Ted said, striking my ass with another full-arm swing of her big strong hand. "You see what I have to do to you!"

I cried out at the next blow, but I could hear the sensual excitement in my voice.

Ted paused longer than usual to consider my quivering form. I hoped this wasn't over; I wanted more. Then she said, with a new rawness in her voice, "You like this, don't you, bad girl? Say it. Say it!"

"I like it!" I confessed breathlessly.

"Look at me."

Obedying, I turned to look at Ted, knowing I must appear as flustered as I felt. She was still Teddi, the blowhard, but now she seemed to loom above me, to fill up the room, a wickedly deviant goddess. My brain whirled. I had entered a realm of sexual delirium I'd barely even known existed. I had never guessed this secret need within myself.

Ted met my eyes. I saw that she understood

this moment of sexual discovery. She didn't give me her usual sneering grin. Instead, she offered a tender smile that touched me. That smile was what I kept in my mind during the last few blows. Ted spanked me until my ass felt raw and used. Then she gave me a husky, "Well done," before retreating to her own cot. Nobody said a word to me. I didn't meet anyone's eyes. It was lights out and retreat to your own private fantasies after that.

At least, it was until I heard a distinctive footstep.

Yes, later, when she'd decided our scene was over and after everyone had wordlessly slunk to their cots and we were enveloped in darkness, Ted came to me. I had to sleep on my stomach; my ass was so sore. Ted slipped two fingers into my pussy from behind, her thumb flicking my clit, working me gently and expertly. I climaxed with a soft mewl of satisfaction. I turned, and Teddi lowered her dripping cleft onto my eager mouth. I smeared my lips against hers. I only had to tongue her for a bit before she closed her thighs around my head and came hard.

“I NEEDED THIS. MY BODY AND SPIRIT CRIED OUT FOR PUNISHMENT.”

My life was never the same after that incredible, wonderful night of spanking and fulfillment.

My stint with the relief agency was enriching and rewarding, but I moved on to a lucrative career in finance. Over the years, I found the occasional lover who could gratify my special kink. I needed my ass spanked, and for that I required someone who got off on giving me my spankings. That could be a complicated arrangement.

One boyfriend, Jake, turned out to be a master at administering punishments. All he had to do was slide his custom-made paddle out of its velvet sleeve, and I'd be wet and on my knees. We'd worked for the same firm, but he got transferred to the Paris branch and that was that.

“Missing Jake, Yolanda?”

I looked up from moping at my desk to see Suzette, a nimble brunette who wore tight business attire that showed off her nicely rounded tits and shapely legs.

“I sure am,” I said dejectedly.

“Yeah. Me, too.”

I gave her a sharper look, but then shrugged. Jake and I had never said anything about exclusivity. Besides, I've never much liked monogamy.

I did wonder, though, if Jake and Suzette had ever... ?

As if reading my mind, she leaned toward me and said, “Our Jake could sure swing that paddle, huh?”

Her moist mouth was so close. I wanted to pull her onto my desk and tear off her clothes. Even the mention of Jake's proficiency with that paddle had me seething with repressed desire. I was desperately turned on.



Still whispering, Suzette added, “He wasn't the only game in town, you know. Come to this address tonight. It's a private club. Maybe you can take punishment as good as I can.”

I accepted the little white card she held out. I also meant to take up the very obvious challenge she'd just made to me. Nobody could take a paddling like I could!

The club was swank, with marble columns out front. I felt a burst of anticipation as I presented the card Suzette had given me and was ushered through double doors to a wide-open space. A few people in formal wear milled about, but I didn't see anybody getting their ass swatted or any sexual activity of any kind. Was Suzette having a laugh at my expense?

An attendant appeared and politely led me into a dressing room. Only there was nothing to change into—no clothes, only a rack of collars and leashes. I was left alone to look over my options. Two other women came in, giggling, and proceeded to strip immediately. They each eagerly picked out a collar for the other and ducked out, without a word to me.

I stood mystified a moment more, then Suzette entered, smiling. “I'm so glad you're here!” She saw my confused expression. “Lose the clothes, sweetheart.” She stepped out of her own outfit, revealing her gorgeous body. “Now, pick something you'd like to have around your neck for a few hours.”

After I was nude, she helped me don my selected collar. I shivered at the feel of

the leather around my throat. She playfully tweaked my stiff nipples. “What happens is we stroll around until someone picks us. If you're willing to play, you submit. There are lots of lovely men and women here, and it's all for fun. Do you want to bail?”

I shook my head adamantly. This was about more than showing Suzette I could take some butt slaps. I needed this. My body and spirit cried out for punishment. Nothing else made me feel complete. And the thought of becoming a random plaything for a nameless dominant thrilled me.

I kissed Suzette full on the mouth, and we went out together, naked, leashes dangling invitingly.

The club had filled up. Men in black tie and women in stunning gowns mingled. They looked like a wealthy, cultured crowd. Some were probably clients of my firm. Here and there—because I couldn't miss them—I saw beautiful females wearing only leather collars and leashes.

Suzette and I parted. I wandered through the huge room. My feeling of exposure was intense. I sensed many appreciative eyes on me. I passed one of the giggly women from earlier. Now she was on her knees, head bowed to the carpet, her luscious ass raised high. A man with an athlete's build wearing a designer tux was rhythmically smacking her butt with a wooden paddle that looked like a cricket bat.

The flesh of the woman's ass quivered with

VARIATIONS

SPANKING

each blow. Onlookers applauded decorously. The woman moaned shamelessly.

Hot need boiled inside me.

Suddenly, a hand took my leash. I was pulled forward to face an icy-looking blonde. "Well, well," she said. "A new face. Let us see what you can take, shall we?"

I was ready to play and nodded my consent. Others around us made approving noises. An attendant appeared and offered a paddle made of dark wood to the statuesque blonde. She took it with a wry smile, then jerked my leash. "Kneel."

I knelt. She put the paddle before me.

"Kiss it," she commanded.

A fluttery joy rose through my being.

Obediently, I kissed the lacquered paddle.

My blonde mistress tugged the leash, and I lowered my forehead until it rested on the scarlet carpet. My bare ass was pointed toward the chandeliered ceiling, and I waited, every muscle tensed and my heart beating fast.

I actually heard the paddle swish through the air before it impacted my backside. The

blow jolted my whole body. My right ass cheek, where she'd hit me, stung gloriously. I felt the spreading warmth, as well as a surge of dampness from my pussy.

Again, the paddle whistled. Again, she struck my ass with merciless force. Sweat sprang out on my back. My lips parted in a silent gasp. My mistress's audience oohed and aaahed. The flat wood surface hit again, catching me across both cheeks this time. I groaned hungrily. This woman was at least as good as Jake with her technique.

Jake, though, had also been skilled with running commentary. He would call me a bad girl, telling me why I needed to be punished, which always thrilled me. The blonde woman remained silent as she smacked my defenseless butt.

I burned with violent pleasure. My pussy flooded, and I felt a profound climax building in me, the kind of orgasm only a good paddling could bring. But, all of a sudden, it was over. The spanking stopped, and when I looked up, the woman had sashayed away.

Frustrated, I rose shakily to my feet. My rear tingled and burned. I wanted to touch it, to feel the heat that the paddle had woken in my flesh, but instead I meekly resumed my wandering circuit of the large open space in search of more.

While I'd been taking my lovely licks, the party had turned overtly sexual. I saw the second of the two giggling women from the dressing room avidly sucking a man's cock as a socialite-looking woman whipped her ass with a leather thong. Elsewhere, a naked woman in a collar was being relentlessly fingered by two men, one delving into her pussy, the other her asshole. The woman convulsed helplessly through a seemingly endless series of orgasms.

I didn't see Suzette, but she could easily be lost in this sizeable crowd. Apparently, this private club was quite popular with the most deviant upper crust.

The leather of my collar was abruptly tugged as another guest seized my leash. This time, I turned to stare into a set of gorgeous blue eyes. They belonged to a man with strong, handsome features, a solid physique, and a matinee-idol's grin. He reminded me immediately of Jake, but this male radiated even more charisma, masculinity, and raw power.

"Trying to sneak past me, huh?" he taunted. "That's what a bad girl would do. Do you know what happens to bad girls?"

Something melted in the pit of my stomach. Ripples of anticipation raced across my bare skin. This man seemed to loom, to tower. I felt his dominating personality wash over me. This one, I knew, would truly give me what I craved.

"BREATHLESS, I CAST A GLANCE OVER MY SHOULDER AND BEGGED, 'PLEASE, FUCK ME, SIR!'"



"Answer me!" he demanded, voice cracking like a whip.

"I... I know," I murmured, desire trembling in me at my marrow.

His grin was devilish. His blue eyes blazed. "Then assume the position!"

Those words sent fierce waves of ecstasy through me. His tone was harsh, but I saw the twinkle in his stunning eyes. He was playing a role as much as I was. I trusted that he understood my needs as well as I did his.

I went to my knees, then dropped until my forehead touched the carpet. I heard him move behind me.

Expecting the swat of a paddle, I was surprised when I felt his caressing hand on my cheeks. He brushed the warmed flesh, squeezing delicately, as if examining the wares. I braced myself.

When the first smack came, it did not disappoint. He used his open palm, which I liked. It made the blow more personal somehow. He was as strong as he looked. I felt the full masculine muscle of him in that lovely initial spank.

I cried out. He smacked me again from the other side, catching the thickest part of my ass. My flesh was still stinging from the blonde's paddling, but this was something else. This was the real deal.

"See what I have to do to you?" His voice was hard and authoritative.

"Y-yes..."

"Yes what?" He swatted me again. The flesh-on-flesh sound was sharp and loud.

"Yes, Sir!" I blurted.

His hand came down. My head rocked to the side on the carpet. Through the strands of my hair, I glimpsed him behind me. Once more he seemed to overshadow everything. His forceful presence shut out all the other guests, even the ones who'd gathered near to watch our display. They were shadow figures. He was all that mattered. After a few more spanks, I was aware only of this masterful man and his punishing hand.

A downward glance told me he had a wicked hard-on inside his slacks. I hoped he would let me touch his cock later. I also hoped to seriously thank Suzette for inviting me here.

The man kept up a powerful tempo. Each spank drove the pain higher, but it rapidly transformed into a thrilling rapture. My nerve endings sang. The hurt was pleasure, translating itself. The universe turned inside



out. I swam with warmth and joy. My memory flung me back into that cabin in the mountains years before, with Teddi meting out my punishment in front of all those gawking women. I thought, too, of Jake, but he'd vanished on a Parisian breeze.

I had my master now, at least for tonight, for this exquisite moment. His blows continued to land on my quivering ass. Sweat streamed from me. I groaned with bliss, with an approaching culmination. My pussy flowed with wetness.

"The bad girl wants her reward? Okay. Come for me! Come for me, bad girl!"

I could only obey, bringing a hand between my legs to strum my clit. The deep carnal jubilation rose and overwhelmed me. A torrent of pleasure swept me away. I was defenseless against it. He had demanded this climax, and I offered my orgasm up to him as a gift. I moaned crazily, bucking and thrashing.

Breathless, I cast a glance over my shoulder and begged, "Please, fuck me, Sir!"

The man flashed a feral smile and reached for a crystal bowl on a nearby table. After snagging a condom from it, he quickly opened his pants and donned the rubber. A moment later, he was on his knees, his hard cock rammed into my drenched pussy.

Each slap of his pelvis reawakened the heat in my ass, urging me toward another climax. I thrust back against him, pushing up onto my elbows and looking back fully at him. I watched him fuck me like a demon, his handsome face twisted with rising ecstasy.

His blue eyes found mine. They still twinkled. Then he let out a cry of his own, and his cock spasmed, which set off another series of frantic love-quakes for me.

Afterward, I was limp. I lay on the floor until I felt his arms gathering me up. I snuggled against him, and he kissed me gently and said, "Good girl."

Maybe I was. Maybe for a minute or two.

But I knew that this was far from over. I would be his bad girl again and again.



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

TONGUE TEASER

I don't usually let my dates spend the night. But when I woke up Sunday morning, I was glad I'd broken my rule for Will. Though we'd more than tired each other out the night before, I'd dreamt about him and woke up raring to go.

Will was still a little sleepy when he rolled over and kissed me good morning, but I felt his hard-on nudge my thigh as he pulled me closer. I immediately knew what I wanted.

I returned his kiss and then broke from his lips to trail my mouth over his jaw and down his neck, stopping to nip at the sensitive spot along his collarbone that I'd discovered the night before. Will let out a soft moan and tightened his arm around me, but I wriggled out of his grip and continued on my way. I briefly paused in my journey to flick my tongue across his tiny nipples, and then kissed across his chest and over his soft stomach. I pushed the blanket back as I went to reveal more and more of his mouth-watering body.

The sun was pouring in through the sheer curtains, and I enjoyed getting to see all of Will in the muted morning light. Though we'd done our fair share of exploring each other's body the night before, the lights had been off, and we had been so caught up in our desire that we hadn't really taken the time to admire each other's physique. Now, I allowed myself to fully check him out. My eyes roved over his

prone form, and I took in his lightly tanned skin, his thick arms and thighs, the small pooch of his stomach—which I absolutely loved—and the faint trail of fine, dark hair that pointed down to his perfectly erect penis. I savored the view for a few more seconds, letting my lips trail lightly over Will's stomach and down toward his thighs, and then I made my move.

Will's cock was standing straight up, waiting for me, and I was ready to devour it. I cast a glance up at him and saw that he was watching me closely. I met his eyes as I leaned in, and I kept my gaze locked on his as I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and guided his thick cockhead between my lips.

Will moaned as I pulled his cock farther into

**"I KEPT MY GAZE
LOCKED ON HIS
AS I GUIDED HIS
COCK BETWEEN
MY LIPS."**

my mouth, swallowing more and more of him. I sucked him down as far as I could before easing back and focusing my attention on the tip. I traced my tongue along the sensitive ridge where the head meets the shaft, swirling my tongue around the edge of his foreskin.

I laved every millimeter of his cockhead, including the slit at the center of the head, and then I started to suck him down again. As my mouth moved toward the base of his shaft, my fist moved toward his pelvis, easing Will's foreskin back with it, and when I pulled my mouth up to the tip, my hand—and his foreskin—followed.

I picked up the pace of my stroking, and my head continued to bob in his lap. My mouth emitted slurping sounds as more and more saliva pooled around Will's cock. I couldn't get enough of him. Usually, when I go down on someone, I get bored pretty quickly, but not with Will. The more I sucked his cock, the more I wanted of him.

I continued to stroke his shaft as I pulled my mouth off of him and started sucking on his balls. As I took the first orb into my mouth, Will groaned loudly, and I felt his fingers comb through my hair before he started pulling on it. I moaned around him as I felt him tug, and when he pulled a little more intensely, I let his ball drop from my mouth and switched to the other. I sucked hard on that one, pulling him into my mouth and letting my tongue slither all around him.

When I felt Will's other hand fist in my hair, I glanced up again and saw him with his eyes closed, his mouth half open, and a look of pure bliss on his face. And that was all the encouragement I needed to resume sucking his cock in earnest. I once again took him deep, and then I started scratching my fingernails lightly up and down his thighs. I teased him that way until his legs started to twitch and his hips started bucking involuntarily.

I could tell Will was about to come when I heard his breath catch. He was gasping for air, and he was thrusting into my mouth pretty hard. I wrapped one hand around the base of his cock and with the other stroked the area right behind his testicles. He tensed up beneath me and moaned loudly. I felt his cock throb against my tongue and then release several strong spurts of cream.

I didn't stop sucking until I was sure he'd emptied his balls, and then I licked all over his



shaft and inner thighs, making sure I lapped up any stray dribbles of come that had escaped my lips.

Finally satisfied that I'd gotten every last drop, I pulled back and crawled up Will's body. He kissed me deeply, seeming not to care that I still had the taste of his semen on my lips. Then he pulled me against him, rolled us over and went back to sleep.

Eventually, we woke up again and showered and went our separate ways, but I have a feeling there are plenty more sleepovers in our future, at least if it's up to me. I've become a devout sunrise cock-sucker and look forward to my next good-morning blowjob.

—M.K., Jersey City, New Jersey

■ ALL ABUZZ

Andrea loves my breasts. All my girlfriends have loved my D-cup tits, but Andrea is just crazy about them in a way that no one else ever was. I'd almost say she's obsessed. When we're together, she can't get enough of my boobs, and when we're apart, they're all she can talk about. She's fixated on them, and I couldn't be happier because nipple play really gets me off.

A few weeks ago, I was on a business trip, and I'd noticed there was a boutique sex shop down the street from the office I was working in. I stopped in on my way back to the hotel one night. I wasn't really in the market for anything special, but I asked the salesgirl to show me some of their bestsellers, and the first item she pointed out was a pair of pink vibrating nipple clamps. I didn't have to see anything else; I knew that was what I needed.

That night, when Andrea and I had our nightly video chat, I told her about my saucy new purchase. She asked me to show her the clamps, but I told her she'd have to make me want to show them to her first.

"How do you propose I do that?" she asked.

"I don't know," I responded coyly. "Maybe you can... tell me what you'd do if you were here to play with my breasts?"

"Mmm..." she moaned, and then she started to recount her breast-play greatest hits.

As she talked, I stripped off my shirt, slowly unbuttoning it and revealing the black lace halter bra I was wearing underneath. Then

I started to squeeze my breasts through my bra, lightly at first and then more firmly. I manhandled my boobs, massaging them roughly until Andrea begged me to strip completely.

I took my time unhooking the clasps—one, two, three, four. When the last hook was freed from its eye, I released the two sides of the band. Then I very, very slowly slid the shoulder straps down my arms until my chest was bared to my laptop camera. Andrea moaned quietly when she saw my naked breasts, and then she asked me to get closer. "I want to see your pretty pink nipples," she told me. "You know how hot they make me."

I fulfilled her request, holding a breast in each hand and guiding my nipples toward the camera one at a time. I positioned each boob carefully, until I could see first one dusky pink pebble and then the other appear in the corner of my screen. I got close enough to have each breast fill her monitor, giving her a good look. I have to admit that it was a mesmerizing sight. She smiled wickedly as she saw my breasts up close, and then she told me continue caressing myself.

Once again, I did as she asked, and as my fingers plied my soft breasts, she continued to describe all the things she'd do to me if she were with me. "I'd suck your nipples and circle them with my tongue, feeling them harden instantly. Then I'd flick my tongue over each of them, making you squirm and beg for more," she said. "I'd have you straddle me so I could palm your breasts and then let them drop. That way they'd sway in front of my face as you ground your pussy against me."

I moaned loudly as I toyed with my mounds and she described the attention she'd lavish on my breasts. I started kneading my boobs even harder. Getting increasingly turned on myself, I beseeched her to tell me more. In a breathy voice, she confessed that she'd suck hard on the nipple of one breast while tugging on the nip on the other, making sure each received the erotic attention it deserved.

Inspired by her words, I pinched my right nipple between my thumb and forefinger and pulled, stretching it out from my breast. Andrea loves seeing my nipples extended like that, and I heard her sharp intake of breath as she took in the tempting sight.

"Do it again," she begged when I released my nipple, and I immediately started stretching out my left for her viewing pleasure.

Her eyes were glassy with lust; I knew it was time to show her my new toys.

While Andrea undressed for me, performing a sexy striptease in front of her camera, I secured the pink clamps around my nipples. I screwed them tightly into place and then pressed the button on the base of each to turn them on. As they began to buzz, Andrea stopped what she was doing to watch me, utterly transfixed by what she saw.

Andrea told me to bring them close to the camera for her, so I leaned toward my laptop again. She said she could see my nipple quivering as the clamps rattled away. I stayed put for a long moment, letting her get a good look. When I pulled away, I went only far enough back that my breasts would still fill her screen, and then I asked her to play with herself for me. I wanted to see her in action.



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

Andrea lay back on our bed and angled her laptop to capture her whole body, giving me a complete view. She stroked her clit as she told me how much she wanted to be in the hotel room with me, to have her fingers clutching my breasts and her lips around my nipples. And as she talked, I started squeezing and massaging my boobs again.

While my nipple clamps buzzed and hummed and made my pussy drip into my underwear, I stared unblinkingly at the

**“SHE WAS LYING
ON HER BACK,
PANTING HEAVILY.”**

computer screen and watched my girlfriend finger-fuck herself as she watched me tease my tits.

I hadn't so much as thought about touching my pussy, yet I was on the verge of orgasm. This wasn't the first time that nipple-play had threatened to make me come, but it was the first time without someone else physically present.

I cried out that I was about to climax, and then I released the clamps. As the sensation rushed back into my nipples, I felt a flood of juices soak my panties as my pussy spasmed and clenched in orgasm. My climax was over in a matter of seconds, but it felt incredible.

Andrea must have gotten off sometime after I did, but I was in a fog of ecstasy and couldn't pay attention. The next time I looked at my computer screen, though, she was lying on her back, panting heavily, and from the expression on her face I could tell that she was satisfied—for now.

We've played with the buzzing clamps a few times since my return home, and each time the results have been equally explosive. Those nipple clamps are definitely the best thing ever to come out of one of my business trips!

—T.W., Portland, Oregon

SUNDAE FUN DAY

Isabelle likes ice-cream sundaes more than any other dessert. And she likes to eat them all year round. It doesn't matter if it's the dead of winter and below freezing—if there's ice cream to be had, Isabelle wants it. But she doesn't just like to eat her ice cream. No, that would be too easy. What my wife really likes is to play with her food, and no food provides her more enjoyment than an oversized ice-cream sundae.

Her hobby is incredibly messy, which is exactly why she likes it, but that means we don't often engage in splashing. When we do, it involves a ton of advance planning, setup and cleanup. But seeing Isabelle happy when she's covered in chocolate syrup and drippy ice cream? It's worth every bit of effort on my part.

For her birthday last week, I decided it was time to treat her to a special ice-cream sundae again. I cleaned up the living room and set up our play area in the middle of the floor, inside a giant plastic kiddie pool that was placed on top of a heavy-duty tarp. I even turned our air-conditioning on full-blast so the ice cream wouldn't melt as quickly and our playtime would be extended as long as possible.

Isabelle likes her sex sundaes to look like the real deal, so I went all out. I bought dozens of gallons of ice cream and scooped it all out into the pool until I'd formed a nice little mountain. Then I doused the ice cream with chocolate and caramel syrups. Rainbow sprinkles came next—the oblong rainbow jimmies, not the hard nonpareils that Isabelle absolutely hates; I learned the difference a few years ago, finally. Next, I added a heap of whipped cream, emptying can after can of the fluffy white confection until I'd formed a perfect peak. And then, as you'd expect, I put a cherry right on top.

When Isabelle came downstairs at my beckoning, she was ecstatic. She was already dressed in her favorite bikini—one with a cute little ice cream-cone pattern that she always cheekily wears when we play—and she practically skipped over to the kiddie pool.

I always let Isabelle do the honors of being the first in the sundae, and I held my hand out for her to help her step into the tub. She plucked the cherry off the top and popped it into her mouth before daintily stepping right into the center of the ice-cream mountain. The creamy mess came up to her knees, and as



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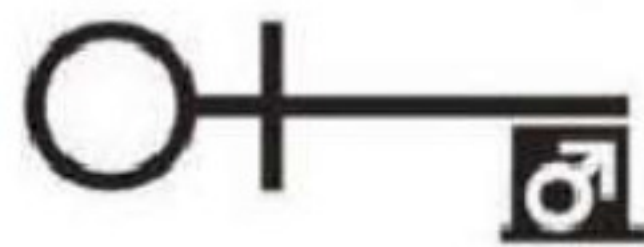
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VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

her feet sank to the bottom of the pool, she let go of my hand and crouched down until she was seated right there in the middle of the ice cream.

Isabelle's smile stretched from ear to ear as she wiggled her ass into the freezing-cold dessert, and as soon as she sank all the way down, she started smearing the whipped topping all over her body. She stretched her arms out and scooped mounds of already-deflating cream into her lap, covering her stomach and chest, and then scooping more onto her breasts. All the while, she had a dreamy expression on her face. Luxuriating in her fetish always elevates her to a delirious state of bliss.

When she was a beautiful, sticky mess, she begged me to join her. I was already in my boxers, and I stepped into the pool, carefully easing myself into the sugary slop and trying not to crush Isabelle in the process. Once I was seated, she flung herself across the tub and into my lap, smashing her ice cream-covered chest against mine as she kissed me.

During our passionate lip-lock, our hands wandered. Her hands roved over my back and mine went straight for her curvy ass. My fingers were coated in chocolate syrup and

Neapolitan ice cream, and sprinkles clung to my fingernails, but I still wedged my fingers under my wife's swimsuit bottom and began fondling her butt. I kneaded her cheeks, spreading them apart and squeezing them back together, and it felt good—to both of us.

As she grew more turned on, she wrapped her legs around me and started grinding against me. My cock got rock-hard as her body writhed against mine, and I began thrusting my hips up against her in response. The ice cream sloshed and squished between and beneath us, and I felt the melted confection starting to fill my shorts. I pushed myself up on my knees and eased Isabelle onto her back in the middle of the pool.

As my body came down on top of hers, the ice cream squished all around us and soaked into her hair. I kissed her again, sliding my tongue into her mouth and devouring her the way I knew she wanted to devour some ice cream.

We rolled around for at least a half hour, squishing melting ice cream in each other's hair, smearing chocolate and caramel syrup across each other's face, and licking the delicious mixture off each other's skin. And when Isabelle had finally had all the sugar

**“I BUCKED MY
HIPS, POUNDING
HER AGAINST
THE TILED WALL
AND PUMPING
INTO HER.”**

she could stand for the moment, we dashed into the bathroom off the living room to take a shower.

As the hot water streamed over our sticky bodies, we washed each other off. Satisfied that we'd gotten the melted dessert out of every nook and cranny, and that our hair was no longer going to stiffen into sugary mohawks, I pushed Isabelle against the shower wall, guided my cock into her dewy center, and fucked her like crazy.

Her cunt was still positively drenched from her excitement over our splashing play, and I slid into her easily, with one firm thrust. As I pushed into her, I reached down and pulled one of her legs up, wrapping it around my hip and giving myself more leverage. She twined her arms around my neck, lifting herself up a little more and giving me the perfect angle. I bucked my hips, pounding her against the tiled wall and pumping into her continuously until I felt her cunt start to quiver and clench around me. Then I let loose, coming hard and filling her up with a different kind of cream.

Later that night, after we'd gotten dried and dressed and cleaned up the living room, I ordered Isabelle's favorite takeout for dinner, and then served her a big slice of ice-cream cake for dessert.

—P.V., Missoula, Montana

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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